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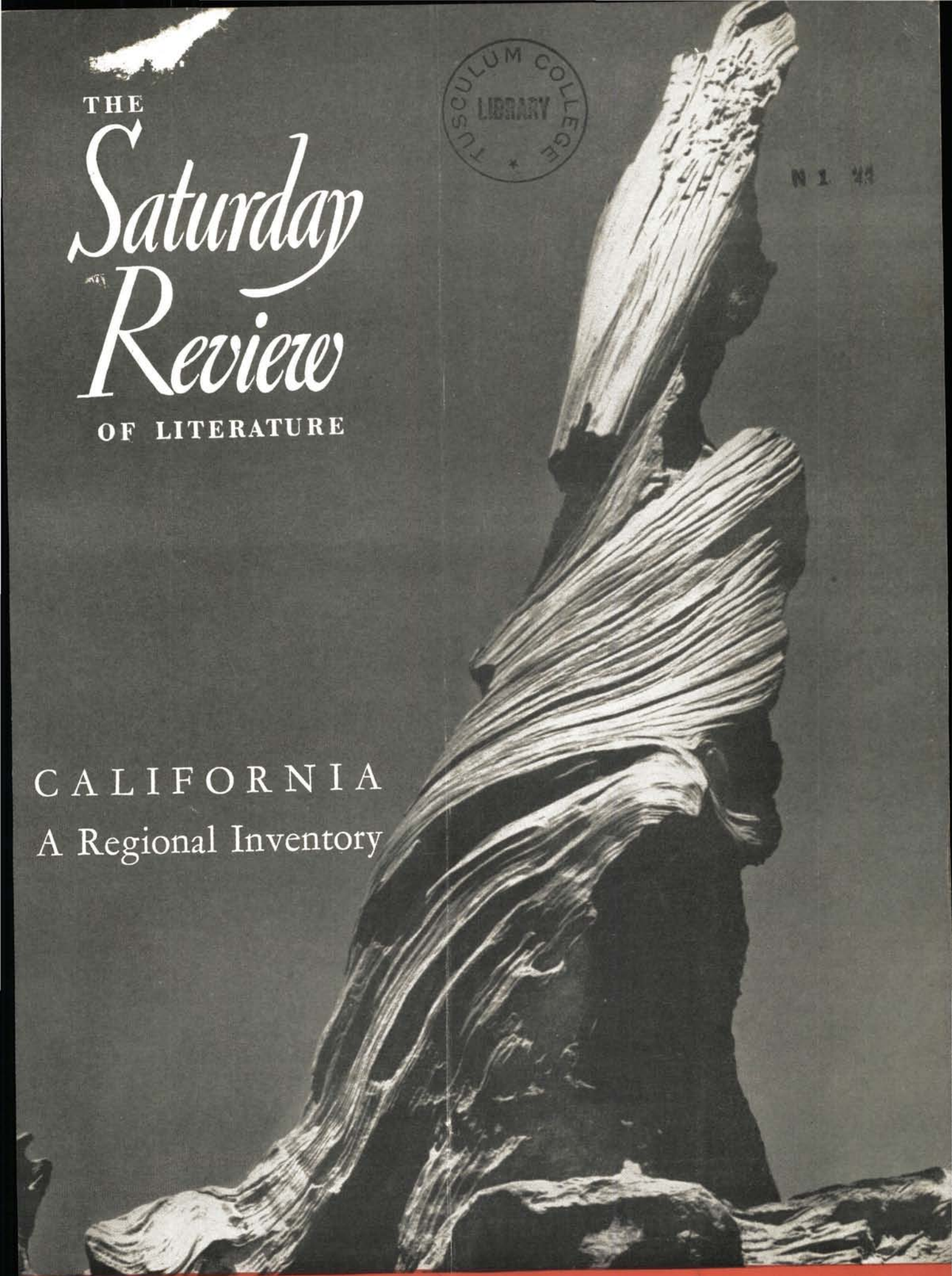

CALIFORNIA
A Regional Inventory

VOLUME XXVI No. 44 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1943 FIFTEEN CENTS

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The Saturday Review of Literature

California — Sources and Resources

An Editorial

THE previous four issues in *The Saturday Review's* series devoted to a cultural inventory of America have been concerned with regional groupings—the Southwest, Deep South, Old South, New England. California, however, represents something of a special case and has properly been marked out for separate treatment. The variety of the land and its people, the mixed history and tradition, make any other treatment as inadequate as it is difficult.

There are of course the two Californias, of north and south, as regionally characterized by backgrounds, sentiment, and practices, and in theory marked off by a Mason and Dixon line, of latitude, say, about that of Monterey; a sentimental heritage from the times when in this Alta California—practically the governed stretch from San Diego to San Francisco—Monterey in the north and Los Angeles in the south were factional rivals for the seat of power.

Signifying this regional but not strictly physicial division there is, then, by popular acceptance, the Northern California, of the early Russian trading post near Bodega Bay, of Captain August Sutter's New Helvetia station for all comers in the interior of the Anglo-Saxon overlanders, of Fremont upon the trail of Empire, of the Bear Flag rising, the gather for conquest, the gold rush, the strident mining camps, the quick Americanization of a bewildered province; the California of the storied Sierras and Sacramento waterway, the ancient redwoods, the Yosemite, Monterey the oldest, the first capital of two powers, robustious San Francisco town and port, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, and the peripatetic Mark Twain; the California that, infused with Anglo-vitamin vigor, took the lead in literary culture: a region whose outflung coast and valleys in the deeper north are fitfully horizoned to a far south.

There is the Southern California, the unctuously captioned "Sensuous Sunny Southland," of traditional life in picturesque indolence by don and vaquero upon their loosely bounded ranchos, of American incomers by sea and land soon embracing the native customs and not neglectful of the native daughters—a ready adaptation current in the north also; of long-fostered Spanish atmosphere, of mild coast and placid valleys and fervid deserts, of nested Santa Barbara one-timed famed for its clustered whitewashed adobes with red-tiled roofs and brightly painted balconies and verandas, scrambled Los Angeles pueblo, and older San Diego, presidio and port, graced by the first mission; the California of Helen Hunt Jackson and of the fondest chapters of Richard Henry Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," of the leisure-seeking and home-buying tourist, of the Hollywood glamorous firmament and the Hollywood Bowl Symphony under the stars of another firmament, the Rose Festival classic and Rose Bowl football classic, the Mission Play, the Ramona Pageant . . . ; the California that, while placing itself in the regional Southwest would, like Texas, reserve a signalizing uniqueness.

These characterizing attributes, however, reflect the region as a whole, with a demarkation as gradual as the changes of climates, dimmed by overlapping population and the inter-racial automobile which knows no borders.

All the California region is particularly rich in a background documented by Spanish and English testimony. "From the time when it was a mere field of cosmographic conjecture," to use the words of Bancroft, the Pacific States historian, "it has drawn upon itself a liberal share of the world's notice." In its beginnings as a substantial region it profited by being open to the sea—to ship-borne Spanish colonists, to the Manila trade, the Sandwich Islands trade, the Russian trade, the Boston trade. Its early investment by sea and land provided it with a culture deeply rooted before the invading foreigner came—a culture superior to that introduced, on occasion, in the manners of the contemptuous Anglo-North American. And as happened, the region attracted observers with literary attainments above the average run of adventurers.

The exploitation of California as a region goes back, in the English annals, to Sir Francis Drake's recorded voyage of 1579. As something dramatically remindful of this far background we have the discovery, a half dozen years ago, by sheer fortune, near San Francisco Bay, of the engraved copper plate by which Drake claimed this Nova Albion for England "by the grace of God and in the name of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth." It was one hundred years after this date that LaSalle with his planted cross claimed the Mississippi Valley for France, and almost seventy years later still that Dee Celeron, with his leaden plates, posted the French title to the Ohio Valley.

The discovery incident may not be story stuff, although novels have been written around a lesser nubbin of fact. It is cited to indicate that when called upon for proof of merit California, like the Coast Guard, is "Always Ready." The regional background heritage in paged source material rises, let us say, in captive trapper James O. Pattie's lamentatious "Narrative" (1833), in Dana's coastwise classic (1840, 1869), in the breezy reports of John C. Fremont, who descended, first in 1844, from the snow passes of the Sierra Nevada into the oaks and greensward and flowers and living streams of California's slope; and thence flows on, in the abundant other chronicles, in fact and fiction, so that California within itself, like the Cavalier South and Puritan New England, has regional claims of special privilege.

The most generous fount of background knowledge is that dominant California literary achievement, Hubert Howe Bancroft's "History of the Pacific States," with California occupying seven volumes of the twenty-eight.

But the Bancroft cyclopedic opus and the other source works, while comforting with their assurance of regional importance, are not required reading except for the research student—and he will have new recordings in a Centennial ten-volumed history to be put on the production line. California for its mass output looks to writers and ideas gathered by and large and united in spontaneous combustion.

In what other regional area could there be local clubs such as the Writers' Guild of the Pasadena-Los Angeles territory, which speedily overflowed at one hundred and twenty members although admission requirements demanded a production record of at least five publications of recent date national circulation in book, magazine, or play

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form? The membership roll spreads like a business directory from which editors and publishers may obtain, on short order, anything in literary goods.

Articles in this issue touch, within their limitations, upon the past and present cultural aspects of California the region. What of the future, likewise considered? There are the war-industries, the return-from-war, the readjustment themes; these are epochal, not essentially regional.

An eventful half-decade approaches, big with the centenaries of the Bear Flag declaration of local independence, and the conquest for the Union (1846), the gold discovery and the "Oh, Susanna!" refrain (1848-1849), the admission of the state (1850). A chaptered drama staged with truth and dignity, and of the scope of even "Tree of Liberty" (a California product), may evolve.

EDWIN L. SABIN, *Guest Editor.*

CALIFORNIA — A CULTURAL INVENTORY

Cover photograph by Charis and Edward Weston from "California and the West," published by Duell, Sloan & Pierce.

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An Embarrassing Plenty

Writers Resolve the Problem by Evading It

SCOTT O'DELL

CALIFORNIA, either modern or historical, has yet to be caught by literary anglers. The catch, stories of early San Francisco and Los Angeles, of the Spanish pastoral period, of the Gold Rush and the years of railroad expansion, of Fresno Armenians and Okies in the San Joaquin, is rich and varied. But the big fish, so far, has escaped the net. Minnows and fish of good dimensions bulge the creel. The big one still swims free. The reason for this failure is worth examination.

The California historical novels, it seems, have fallen into two errors. Stewart Edward White, who has roamed this field more persistently than any other writer, has been seduced by the glamor of the old days. His stories often move and sometimes live, but there is always a surfeit of flashing eyes, swishing fans, castanets, and jingling spurs. The characters are commonly too picturesque. They are colorful and engaging, but too much so to be entirely credible. One feels that the brothers are too valiant and the sisters too virtuous. This may be called the error of sentimentality or sentiment in excess of the fact.

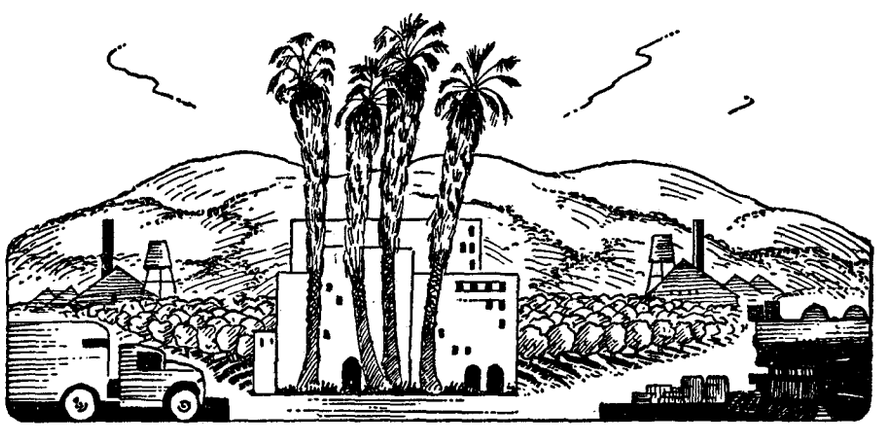
The other and opposing error is the reverse of the first and, perhaps, a result of it. In this novel all local color is played down, pageantry is suppressed, and sentiment itself is suspect. An example of this school, a school which unfortunately is not as large as the first, is Stewart's "East of the Giants." In my estimation, it is a fresh and original novel, well-done and probably the best of the California historical stories. Yet it leaves out many things you wish were present. There was less color, or at least the artist should find less, in early California than White uses and more than Stewart elects to show. There are deeper implications in this period than either has presented. They lack the scope, say, of Laura Krey's "And Tell of Time," where we are made to see the great sweep of Texas history. They lack the humanity of Della Warren's "Foundation Stone," or the solidity and life and movement in Boyce's fine novel of New York State, "The Perilous Night."

The modern novel of California, in contrast to the historical, is faced with problems that are infinitely more confusing. The old days are transfixed by time and distance. The modern scene is in violent flux. It is also bewilderingly varied, for California is a mammoth state; in fact, many states in one. There are mountains where the snow never melts and deserts that are cruel at all seasons. There are great inland valleys that tire the eye. Empires of pine and redwood. And an ocean that beats against its entire length, with more moods than its name suggests. It is not a cozy country. A writer contemplating it may well develop and be forgiven an inferiority complex.

Against this background, from the north where the Klamath winds seaward through blue forests south to the sand and rocks and mesquite of the Mexican border, live the Californians. Here among productive orange groves is Riverside, originally a Spanish grant, the town itself founded and flavored by English remittance men and retired Colonial officers. A few miles away on a desert Indian reservation are the pagan sun-worshippers of Palm Springs. A few miles in the other direction is Claremont, home of the eager, thoughtful, and reverent, lush with Eastern greenery planted by missionaries home from Africa and China and the far seas. Here is a town eight thousand feet up in the mountains where the leading citizens are an ex-barmaid from Newcastle and her husband, a feudist from Tennessee. In this Pacific cove is a colony of Portuguese fishermen. In this sunny valley Italians who raise grapes and make wine. And the men of the oil fields. The lumbermen in a hundred camps. The miners who tunnel the Sierras, the Mojave, the Santa Rosas. The Mexicans who live on the fringes of most towns and cities. Hollywood. San Pedro and its tuna fleets. And, of course, the cities of Los Angeles and San Francisco.

The writer confronted with this embarrassment of riches has resolved the problem by evading it, consciously or unconsciously. Instead of attempting to catch the sweep and meaning of this vast scene, he has been content with a facet here and there. Thus, to name the best, we have Steinbeck's "Tortilla Flat." It is a hilarious story of the California Mexican. But it is only one story of many. The Mexican is comic yet he is also a tragic figure. The struggle, for instance, of the Mexican youths for equality and social acceptance is real and dramatic and so far untouched. We have also Steinbeck's powerful "Grapes of Wrath." But this novel is extremely one-sided. For every Okie who is willing and anxious to work Steinbeck can be shown one who wouldn't be caught dead with a job. The other side of the coin, the farmer who is faced with ruinous prices, mortgages, and shiftless, notional help, is conspicuously absent. Saroyan's bits of heaven under Fresno skies are sunny and human sketches, but more Saroyan than California.

THERE are other good books about modern California; still one feels that taken together the sum of the parts does not equal the whole. The general implications of the scene, its depth and breadth, have not been explored. The inclusive picture has not been produced or illuminated by these specific and restricted snapshots, splendid as they are. It may be argued that the Great California Novel will never be written for the same reasons that may preclude the writing of the Great American Novel. It may be that the literary angler is faced here, as there, by a veritable leviathan, whose nose no man can put a hook into. But remembering "War and Peace" one can hope for the day when some audacious angler will successfully cast the net.



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From Harte to Saroyan

The Magnitudes Sweep Along the Winter

PAUL JORDAN SMITH

PERHAPS Henry Thomas Buckle overemphasized the power of nature in shaping the course of history, but now and then one sees evidence that "startling magnitude" either dwarfs or overstimulates the imagination of the artist. It may be that California offers a case in point.

Certainly there are startling magnitudes in this great state. Vast mountains and deserts sinking below the level of the sea. Startling purples and lavenders on the hills at sunset; lakes made of opal instead of honest water; trees of incredible age and size. Rivers nothing, or a flood.

And in her history California is given to magnitudes: the Gold Rush period brought the first great wave of Anglo-Saxons in a mad rush for utopia; the long valleys were put to grain in a manner suggestive of Paul Bunyan; the railroads entered the state under circumstances at once romantic and scandalous, and they later brought more floods of people from the Midwest at one dollar the ticket; the movies filled southern California with restless persons, money-mad and rootless; even the history of the Missions ended in violence.

So one nail drove out another; nothing settled for long. But everything was colorful, dizzy, incredible, bewildering—even wonderful.

The writer, sensing all this, knows his material is abundant. What he sometimes fails to see is that it is too abundant. He sees the gay boys of the Mother Lode country out shooting, and like them he does not know when to stop. That, at least, seems to have been the case of most California writers up to recent years.

Bret Harte was, of course, the father of all the "Westerns"; but he had a gift of insight, an ability in characterization denied most of his followers. His books are still readable and the worth of them is apparent.

Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona" offers something entirely different. She might be called the mother of the California sentimentalists. She had a good story of the Indians, and she appreciated all too well the colorful settings; but, to a modern at least, her story is lost in its trappings.

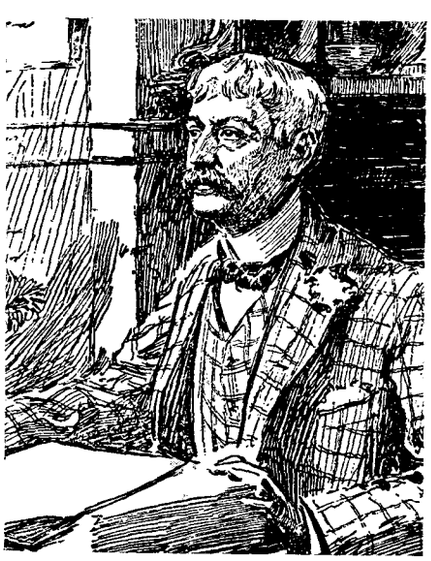
But, with all their faults, there have been some good stories based on the lusty, gusty eras of California history. Beginning with Bret Harte's books ("The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "An Idyll of Red Gulch"), one may well dip into Stewart Edward White's "Gold," "Gray Dawn," and "Rose Dawn" for stories of the Sierra country; or Gordon Ray Young's "Days of '49" for a tale of Joaquin Murieta and the mining camps. Unlike most "Westerns," this one is thoroughly annotated.

For a more realistic treatment of the early white adventurers one may turn to two excellent novels by John Weld: "The Partners," a story of the mining camps, and "Don't You Cry For Me," an account of the Donner Lake tragedy.

The lumber region of California should produce more good stories of a quieter sort, but only one recent novel stands out: that by Vernon Patterson, "As Wise as a Goose," which was published in 1939.

For the deserts and the Indians of the deserts one must turn to Mary Austin. Her material used her and overcame her in confusion, but certain aspects of California beginnings may be found in her stories that are not elsewhere to be discovered.

Of the moderns, that is of the naturalistic school, Frank Norris was the first, and "McTeague" holds the older San Francisco, as well as a memorable desert scene, as true as it is horrible. And his "Octopus" gives a faithful picture of the San Joaquin valley where the railroad magnates were clutching at the fields of the growers of grain. Norris is California's number one novelist.



—New York Public Library
An old line drawing of Bret Harte in his study.

For our period John Steinbeck stands easily ahead of the rest. A native Californian, his stories of the region of his birth (around Salinas) are memorable as much for their simplicity as for their irony. "Pastures of Heaven" and "Tortilla Flat" will give one the essence of something not before put into California fiction, and for the first time we discover a writer in this state who is not overcome by bigness and romance. He is aware of the setting and its symbolism, but his eye is focused on simple people and their insides. And, unlike many of his time, he has sympathy.

George R. Stewart comes next on any list of contemporary novelists in this region. His "Ordeal by Hunger" is a true story of the Donner Lake affair; and "East of the Giants" contains a picture of this country before Marshall uncovered gold and after the excitement had died away. His last novel, "Storm," seems to have puzzled many readers who prefer their stories less informed by science; but others see here the emergence of a new form, adapted to an age increasingly aware of the purposes of the instruments of science.

THERE is evidence of late that William Saroyan is getting over his juvenile mannerisms, and if that be true this native Californian may well be watched. For his most recent story, "The Human Comedy," has in it a simplicity and gentle humor that give promise of something.

Other novelists should be named. Jack London was of California, but for the most part his eyes were to the North and toward the islands of the sea. Willard Robertson lives here, and one of his novels, "Moon Tide," had San Pedro for its setting. But this excellent writer turns to the East for his later work. Royce Brier, who has done two fine novels, lives in San Francisco, but his interests are outside the state. The same was true of Hans Otto Storm, who but touches the state in his "Count Ten."

Meanwhile many fields remain but little exploited. California's pastoral period, if less adapted to the uses of melodrama, is a fruitful field almost unexplored, though it was touched upon in Louis Dodge's stirring novel, "The American"; and scores of little towns old enough to have lichened roofs hide away in northern California awaiting the day when more serious novelists may appreciate the stories they can tell. Steinbeck has pointed the way, and perhaps the post-war writers, weary of excesses and violence, will discover the real treasures of California.

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Where Poets Are Reborn

No Giant Oak but Plenty of Good Wood

ADELAIDE WILSON ARNOLD

NOT long ago there came to our small desert community a young New Englander whose profession is literary criticism. After we had exhausted the topic of desert heat and desert charm, he began to ask some questions.

"Why," he said, "has California never had her poet, such as New England's Robert Frost? She has the climate and magnificent setting, she had her beginnings in heroic and romantic adventure. But no Homer has sung of the Forty-niners and the covered-wagon pioneers—not even lyric poets have sprung up to make a Golden Age of literature for California. Why?"

My first impulse was to remind him that Robert Frost had been born in California, which is perhaps poetic justice of a sort, but then I remembered that our Joaquin Miller was born in Ohio and Bret Harte in Indiana—two examples of our favorite contention that a poet belongs not to the state he was born in, but to the state he was reborn in.

Before we can attempt to furnish any direct answers to the questions posed by our guest, it might be well to glance back briefly.

In "Snow-Covered Wagons" Julia Altrocchi has done for an episode in the history of California what Benét has done for John Brown. It is a narrative poem that moves with such tang and vigor that one reads it for the story first of all. There are the inevitable pedestrian moments, as there are in "John Brown's Body." But there are delightful bits of pure lyric scattered through its pages.

I must go no further without the mention of that special poetry of California which is our inheritance from an older culture than ours. Mary Austin was among the first to discover and recognize its beauty. In her "Song from the Yokut Indian Dialect" she has given us a free interpretation of a beautiful Indian chant, being, as the sub-title tells us, "The Song of a Man and Woman Who Might Have Loved."

This is the song of the hills
In the hour when they talk together,
When the afterglow dies down in the West
And leaves the heavens tender:
In the pure and shadowless hour
When the mountains talk together.

One should read it all, and read it, if possible, in the shadow of those hills that were called Dawn Boy and Mist Maiden in the morning of the world; the hills that Mary Austin knew and loved as passionately as the Yokuts had loved them.

This is such poetry as one may hear even now in our remote mountain reservations where some young brave lies dead, and where, though tomorrow the priest will come and say Christian prayers over his passing, tonight the old men sit by the coffin chanting the old songs of their people for a young man dead:

North, South, East and West I journeyed,
But death had been before me.
Aswit, the eagle, keen of sight no longer,
Isil, coyote, lying where the ants may mock him.
And here, ai, here—a young deer slain by an arrow,
Dead, alas, dead—my son!

The pioneers and gold seekers who came to California were mostly young men, eager, careless of the cost, making the perilous voyage around the Horn or riding alone or in companies across prairie and desert and mountain, seeking wealth, seeking the free life of a new land, seeking perhaps no goal to which they could put a name, always in their ears the name of the country whose very syllables are song, California. Here was youth in perhaps the greatest adventure our country has known, enduring, struggling, dying.

Into this adventure came Joaquin Miller as a lad. He had poetic fire in him and began to write of what he saw. He saw that reckless courage was not enough. Heroic figures were already emerging, and his poet's eye discerned in them a greater quality than any of these.

But because the poet needs perspective to enhance his theme Joaquin Miller went back to the New World's earliest hero, Columbus, and took him as his symbol of fortitude:

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind, the Gates of Hercules.
Before, not any ghost of shores,
Before him, only shoreless seas.

Not long ago I picked up on the road a young cadet bound for the desert flying field near my home. I don't remember how we began to talk of poetry, but presently he was telling me of a poem he had found in a battered book contributed to the local U.S.O.

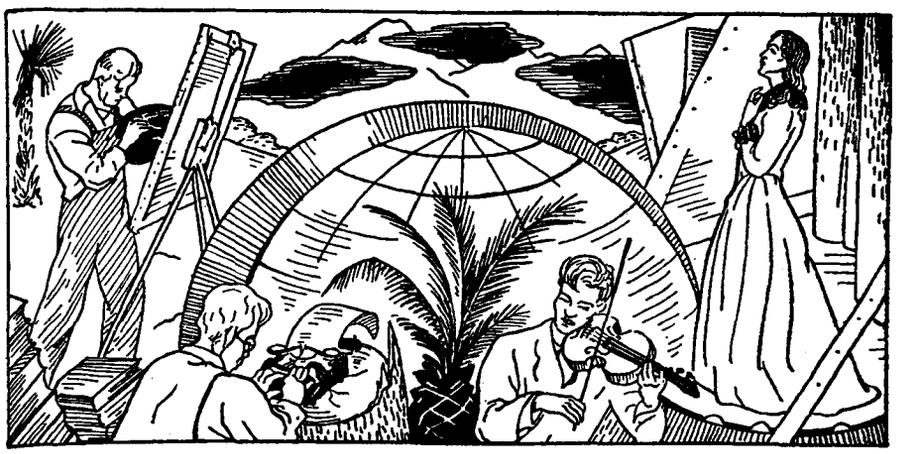
"There's a bit I've copied to keep with me when—in case I'm in a jam," he said shyly, and brought a little notebook from his tunic, and laid it open on my knee, taking the steering wheel so I could give the book my undivided attention.

There were just four lines written carefully in the middle of the six-inch page:

Brave Admiral, say but one good word,
What shall we do when hope is gone?
The words leaped like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! Sail on! Sail on and on!"

I thought then, and I still think, that if Joaquin Miller had written no more than these four lines we could still proudly claim him as our first California poet. But he went on writing through youth and middle life, verse sometimes trivial and uneven, but with the fresh note of the West giving it life and interest. England acclaimed him while our own East still turned a deaf ear, and his published volumes first saw the light in London.

Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller's senior by a few years, was his contemporary in California letters. Harte's literary range was wider, and his prose writings were almost immediately popular. We have him to thank for founding that rich repository of early California literature, the *Overland Monthly*. A good half century of anthologies have included his best known poems, "The Heathen Chinee" and "Dickens



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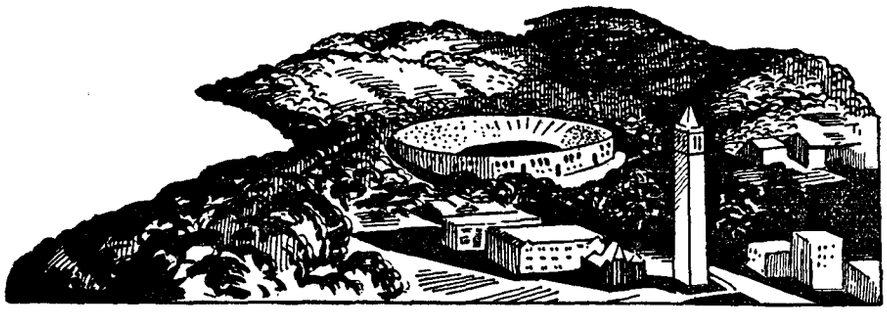

in Camp," and the fine poem on San Francisco beginning:

Serene, indifferent to fate,
Thou sittest at the Western gate;
Upon thy height, so lately won,
Still slant the banners of the sun.

Not poetry for the sophisticated, perhaps, but in what age has poetry been for the sophisticated alone? And his sombre lyric, "Lone Mountain," sobers the thought as one comes upon that little cemetery on the hill, half hidden now among the tenements of the living poor.

Here come the argosies,
Blown by each idle breeze,
To and fro shifting.
Yet to the hill of fate
All drawing soon or late,
Day by day drifting.

The Civil War had a sterilizing effect on American literature the country over. We have to thank that prosaic institution, the U. S. Government printing office, for having unwittingly been nursemaid to some of the finest writers of California in those troubled years. Clarence King, bright star of the group of young men who made the early geological surveys of California under the leadership of Professor Dwight Whitney, served his literary apprenticeship in writing reports for the Government. His finest energies went to the founding and conducting of the U. S. Geological Survey as we have it today; but he could have been one of the great writers of his time; and though his medium was prose he has left us such snatches of pure poetry that I feel constrained to write him down among our poets.

The war over and reconstruction begun, California settled down to a more tranquil way of life, and an indigenous literature sprang up in the welcoming soil of San Francisco. Bret Harte and his *Overland Monthly* lured Ina Coolbrith up from her home in the southern part of the state. She settled down on a high hill overlooking the Golden Gate, and there she stayed until her death in 1928, singing quietly of the land she loved, honored in 1915 as the poet laureate of her state, her verses recording the beauty of wild poppies and sunburnt hills and changing pageants of fog and sun.

In the seventies came Edward Rowland Sill from the East to take the chair of English in young Berkeley University. "Opportunity" and "The Fool's Prayer" are perhaps the best known poems in his collected work; but the volume has much more of a high order, and one feels in his writing that clear detachment that one finds in the little sheaf of poems written by a less well-known poet of a quarter of a century later, Harold Symmes; as if both men had somehow known that time was short for them and so had concerned themselves only with the finest in the life about them.

With the turn of the century California seems to have become truly poetry conscious. George Sterling is the name best known among the poets of the early nineteen hundreds, though his talent suffered a blight from the rigid limitations imposed upon him by the writer he admired inordinately, Ambrose Bierce. When he breaks away, as in his "Father Coyote," he does for our familiar setting what Frost does for New Hampshire in "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening." Read this and you will know the very voice of our chaparral country:

At twilight time, when the lamps
are lit,
Father Coyote comes to sit
At the chaparral's edge on the mountain side—
Comes to listen and to deride
The rancher's hound and the rancher's son,
The passersby and every one.
And we pause at milking time to hear
His reckless carolling, shrill and clear,
His terse and swift and valorous troll,
Ribald, rollicking, scornful, droll,
As one might sing in coyotedom,
"Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum!"

Edwin Markham is another proud name for Californians to conjure with. But we think of him, not as the author of his famous "Man With the Hoe," but as the poet who gave us that tender little lyric on the lizard beginning:

I sit among the hoary trees
With Aristotle on my knees
And turn with serious hand the pages—

In the last twenty-five years there have been up and down California many a singer of whose work perhaps only one or two poems will be long remembered, but of the collective beauty of whose poetry California may well be proud. Each of us has his favorites: I name only a few of my own, beginning with Ted Olson and two poems of his, "Ephemera" and "saying Aldébaran." Witter Bynner stayed with us long enough, perhaps, to be named among the California poets. We might write an article, of course, on Robinson Jeffers alone, aloof in Carmel, but in a runing summary such as this we shall call attention only to the way he can sting us with such memorable bleak phrases as,

—a seaplane troubles
The sea-wind with its throbbing heart.

or,

the great sails
of autumn pelicans, the gray seagoing gulls.

Rising Eighteen

By Ben Ray Redman

HORROR rolled tight
(What shape will it take tonight?)
Sails through the air
To flatten the pansies there,
At a wrist's flick,
With the ease of a boy's trick:
A boy who stands
To ride his wheel without hands,
Then dips again
In his canvas bag of pain,
With a wide yawn,
To sharp-shoot another lawn.
And now his toes
Hit the pedals hard: he knows
He's nearly late
For his most important date.

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Looking Back at the Critics

What They Said About the Writing of Bret Harte

IN the region of pure poetry, he has given us some things we would not willingly part with; two or three clearly-outlined, fresh-tinted descriptive pieces—such as "Madroño," and "Grizzly;" and a few poems of tender sentiment,—"Dickens in Camp," "The Pen of Starr King," and the pensive, charming little reverie "To a Seabird." But his best success as a poet has been, thus far, in that borderland between prose and poetry which combines the choicest features of both kingdoms. . . . Although by no means destitute of imagination, Mr. Harte belongs to the realistic rather than the ideal school of writers; his greatest success has been in describing what he sees and knows, and his most striking characters are evidently drawn from life: "Oakhurst," "Jack Hamlin," "Tennessee's Partner," "Miggles," "M'liss," are all as clear and finished as photographs; and even many of his minor characters, such as "Yuba Bill," "Sandy Morton," "David Fagg," and "McSnagley," have all the faithfulness of portraits.

—EMILY S. FORMAN, 1871, *Old and New.*

Nevertheless he remains what he is—the Californian and the gold-digger. But the gold for which he has dug, and which he found, is not the gold in the bed of rivers,—not the gold in the veins of mountains; it is the gold of love, of goodness, of fidelity, of humanity, which even in rude and wild hearts,—even under the rubbish of vices and sins,—remains forever uneradicated from the human heart. That he there searched for this gold,—that he found it there and triumphantly exhibited it to the world,—that it is which drew hearts to him wherever the language of Shakespeare, of Milton, and Byron is spoken. And that it is which has made me, the old German poet, the translator of the young American colleague; and which has led me today to reach to him warmly and cordially my hand across the sea.

—FERDINAND FREILIGRATH, 1872, *Harte's Prose Tales.*

In his California stories, as in some of his poems, he detects "the soul of goodness in things evil," and represents the exact circumstances in which ruffians and profligates are compelled to feel that they have human hearts and spiritual natures. He is original not only in the ordinary sense of the word, but in the sense of discovering a new domain of literature, and of colonizing it by the creations of his own brain. Perhaps the immense popularity of some of his humorous poems, such as "The Heathen Chinee," has not been favorable to a full recognition of his graver qualities of heart and imagination.

—EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE, 1876-86
American Literature and Other Papers.

The scene and society of this continent have found perhaps in the works of no writer of the land such graphic expression as in those of Bret Harte. It is true that Mr. Harte's books describe the life of a remote region and of a rude frontier people. But that life was an extravaganza of the traits of our whole democratic society. It is the scenery and the society of the country, then, which are expressed in Mr. Harte's books. But he is a writer of marked genius, and has produced works which are as certain as any of his time and country to be read in the future; the only parts of Mr. Harte's poetry which are of value are the dialect poems, and those other poems, not in dialect, which yet preserve the spirit of the dialect poems. The rest of his verse has not much merit.

—EHRMAN SYME NADAL, 1877, *North American Review.*

It will be remembered how like a conquering hero Bret Harte came from California in the summer of 1871. An enterprising firm in Boston had caught the gleam of a new light, a new Dickens in verse and story, and with the most magnificent offers they tempted him East. His coming was like a royal progress. Almost without a hint from these enterprising wise men of the East, all flocked to welcome the new star. And the star was wonderfully luminous, equally brilliant in prose and verse. It flashed from a region little known, and yet peculiarly fascinating to the sober people of the eastern sea-board.

—JAMES HERBERT MORSE, 1883, *Century Magazine.*

Bret Harte plays always one tune, although he pitches it in many keys, and good as it is, it is perhaps becoming a little wearisome. He expounds an important half-truth which has been too much neglected: that as being is greater than seeming, appearances are often deceitful; under the most repellent exterior a soul of goodness may exist. But if we study him over much, we may become victims of the delusion that any person whose dress and manners are respectable, is to say the least, a suspicious character, while drunken and profane ruffians are the saints of the earth.

—WALTER LEWIN, 1889, *The Forum.*

Bret Harte got his California and his Californians by unconscious absorption, and put both of them into his tales alive. But when he came from the Pacific to the Atlantic and tried to do Newport life from study—conscious observation—his failure was absolutely monumental.

—SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN) 1896
What Paul Bourget Thinks of Us and Other Essays.

Much objection has been raised to some of Bret Harte's stories on the ground of their supposed immoral tendency. The real objection to Bret Harte's stories does not rest on moral, but on artistic grounds. The trouble with his villains is not that they are too bad, but that they are not bad enough,—that is to say, they are not real. Such villains never were on sea or land outside of his stories, unless we except the Bowery stage in the melodrama of "ye olden time." There is a glare of the footlights, an atmosphere of the theatre about too many of these tales,—not the best of them, for the best work of Mr. Harte is free from this defect, and ranks among the choicest in recent American literature.

—HENRY C. VEDDER, 1897, *American Writers of Today.*

Over thirty years ago Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp," and other sketches of California miners, gamblers, stage robbers, of the motley, lawless life generally in the gulches and gold fields, were welcomed with general delight, very like the later reception of Kipling's first stories. While his years have more than doubled, Mr. Harte, through one decade spent in the Eastern states and more than one in England, has worked the same vein. Readers he must still find, in other lands at least; but his very name is now hardly familiar to our boys' ears. His verse, serious or comic, is still less remembered today. There is no dangerous immortality in Mr. Harte's stories. But they pall upon us at least, because, after the novelty wears off, their melodramatic unreality forces itself even upon the most boyish mind.

—WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON, 1902
Introduction to the Study of American Literature.

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The Double Gold Rush

The Transition from Stakes to Scripts

ANNE CAMERON

THE first time I met Bob Davis, himself a transplanted San Franciscan, in his New York office, he said, "You're like every other California writer I ever met—always blowing about it and never there." He was only partly right. There are so many of us that some of us are always here. There is hardly a spot in the state where the typewriter can not be heard tap, tap, tapping for a considerable interval at a slow, even speed, then stopping and resuming with phrenetic clatter which denotes x-ing out. The literary tradition began with the gold rush on the mother lode and has increased with the gold rush on the movies. It is strange that no major publishing house has as yet been established here, though since the custom of publishers cutting in on movie rights has become common they come out frequently for a bit of fence-mending.

Literature thrives here in the first place because it took deepening root in virgin soil and adapted itself till it became native. Beginning with Bret Harte's gaudy mining-camp settings it has concerned itself down the years with its own locale to a large extent. There has always been a definite San Francisco school that made Telegraph Hill and Kearney Street as familiar in story as Trafalgar Square or the left bank of the Seine. Around the turn of the century Frank Norris took over the wheat lands of the inland valleys. Shortly afterward Jack London painted his name on the waterfronts of San Francisco Bay. Gertrude Atherton took San Francisco society and history for her métier, Stewart Edward White the vast and vanishing ranches. For well over half a century California writers, like the painters of the Barbizon school, found what they wanted at home. San Francisco was the arbiter of literature west of the Rockies.

To this day there is a much stronger tendency among the writers of northern California to take up literary land and file claim on it than there is among those of southern California, but they are settling on new land, realizing that old soil becomes exhausted through frequent plantings of the same crop. Last year we had Idwal Jones's epic of vines and vintners in the Nepa valley, "The Vineyard." A book for connoisseurs of wines and letters, its charm too elusive for palates conditioned to white mule and William Faulkner. Then there is the sensationally successful Saroyan with his sketches—"The Human Comedy" is no novel—of the Armenian colony among the grapes and figs of the scorching San Joaquin. His casual charm, his simple handling of deep emotion, his naïve joy in living are refreshing in a jaded world. May he escape that temptation to parrot his own work that has been Hemingway's undoing!

Speaking of drama of locale, what about "The Grapes of Wrath?" Ha, somebody would bring that up! It is Oklahomana, not Californiana, though Steinbeck is certainly a writer of the Carmel group. However, his less known and infinitely better "Tortilla Flat" is as native as our poppies. A French painter I met once at Carmel was there chiefly to see the mesa back of Monterey, Tortilla Flat, where Steinbeck's *paisanos* had lived. They were as underprivileged as the Jodes but they went their lustful, lazy, happy way and Steinbeck painted them with objective artistry he has never since touched.

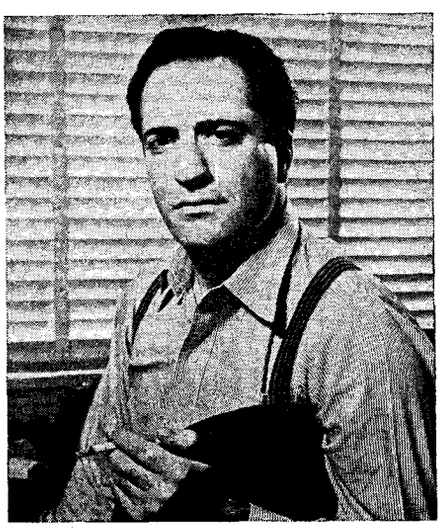
Max Miller has written of the San Diego waterfront with authority and considerable skill. His stories of Los Angeles are below par, but no one has done much yet in the way of a likeness of that sprawling adolescent among cities or caught the raucous jazz of its changing voice with its occasional fine notes. In the realm of belles lettres Donald Culross Peattie of Santa Barbara has put his name on the uncrowded page with John Muir and John Burroughs by such books as "The Road of a Naturalist."

Inevitably as California gets farther away from its own pioneering days and a pleased awareness of their picturesqueness there is a growing tendency among writers to import material. Literary soil, overworked, needs nitrogen. Here as elsewhere history has supplied it and a bumper crop of best sellers has resulted. Inglis Fletcher's "Raleigh's Eden" and "Men of Albemarle" are notable novels of eighteenth century North Carolina. Elizabeth Page is at work on another carefully documented novel to follow up "The Tree of Liberty." Elizabeth Chevalier's "Drivin' Woman" takes up the rise of the Kentucky tobacco planters after the Civil War. Lloyd Douglas goes back to the time of Christ in "The Robe."

THE time has gone by when even a brief tour of literary California—using literary in a catholic sense—can skirt around Hollywood. It covers too much area to be ignored, with too many highways leading into it and out again with writers going both ways; too many misplaced signs on the way that lead to cul-de-sacs. Important authors come and go with such frequency that it is hard to keep track of them. For the most part they are birds of passage, lighting briefly to pick up a few rich buttery crumbs. They sing of home and presently return there. Even when they come back for many seasons we do not presume to claim them as California meadowlarks, and certainly not as mockingbirds. James Hilton and Aldous Huxley, to pick two distinguished names among many, are English writers who happen to be living in California. There are, too, numbers of great refugee

—*John Degelman*

Max Miller



William Saroyan

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artists like Leon Feuchtwanger living and working in the Hollywood area.

Novelists in general, whether home folk or outsiders, have not been conspicuously successful in writing for the screen though adaptations of their novels by others may be outstandingly good. They are apt to approach it in a spirit of condescension, an air of selling themselves down the river. Or they are propagandists rather than dramatists. There is a group of trained screen writers, come up the hard way, working along original and distinctively American lines without fanfare. Late examples of such work have been Eddie Burke's story of Rickenbacker, Joe Swerling's "Lifeboat," Jerry Cady's "Purple Heart," Mary McCarthy's story of Nurse Kenney, Milton Holmes's "Mr. Lucky," George Seaton's adaptation of "The Song of Bernadette," and Morrie Ryskind's of "Claudia."

The crimson haze rising over Hollywood at the cocktail hour is not due to Pacific sunsets. It is the tincture of the extreme left that colors the region deep red in some spots. The front about-faced with the precision of Rockettes when Russia was attacked by Germany. Too many feeble stories have reeled dizzily under an amorphous burden of ideology. Yet strangely enough almost all Academy awards—in which the box-office vote counts heavily—have been conspicuously free of the party touch: "Goodbye, Mr. Chips"; "Rebecca"; "Boys' Town"; "Gone With the Wind"; "You Can't Take It With You"; "Mrs. Miniver," for illustration.

War pictures, so long profitable, have reached the this-is-where-we-came-in stage. One picture of real action like the British "Desert Victory" or one of the Russian films taken on a snowy battlefield spoil audiences for studio spectacles. Mothers are prone to ask why their boys are in the Solomons while others are playing soldier in the backyard.

War has been doing strange things to the picture business which react on writers. The draft has so reduced the number of romantic-age leading men that actors beginning by camera stands to curl around the edges a little, like Warner Baxter and Walter Pidgeon and Cary Grant and Ronald Colman, are in clamorous demand. They are capable of carrying more mature, and fuller-bodied stories than a mere beautiful hunk of a man who is that and nothing more, and they will probably get them. Then, too, the character actor is in the saddle and riding with a good seat and a steady hand. When a star like Monte Woolley gets a "package deal," which in trade circles means a contract providing for a limited number of pictures on his home lot and liberty to hire out for others of his own choosing, the prospects for better writing are good.

THE effect of purely material shortages on writers—and all of us are in the crowded lap of the gods as far as Hollywood potentialities are concerned—is real though indirect. Gas rationing and overburdening of transportation facilities mean less location work, thereby taking heavy toll of Westerns and sea epics. Even Catalina is now taken over by the Navy. Where heavy stands of grass skirts waved hip-high in the breeze barracks stand, and bugles blare where ukeleles tinkled. There is a shortage of films, too. Taking one thing with another the studios have announced in orotund tones that for the duration they are making only grade A pictures, eliminating the B's.

Always with an eye on the market—and who are publishers to decry producers for that?—Hollywood has a long list of taboos beyond the Hays code. All Latin-American men are handsome and high-principled. Their women are invariably slim and virtuous and of delectable beauty. Even their market places, while retaining their well-known picturesqueness, have been scoured free of their likewise well-known dirt. The revolutions that livened the pages of Richard Harding Davis and O. Henry simply don't happen any more. Any foul deeds essential to the plot must now be done by Americans or enemy aliens. There is a bull market on Japs for dirty work.

James Hilton

Politics, particularly Washington politics, are marked Hands Off even when it comes to Martin Dies whose name is used in some of the best Hollywood homes to scare Junior into eating his spinach.

The map of literary California is so subject to sudden revision that paste-on corrections should be furnished from time to time to keep it up to date. Twenty years ago Carmel would have been printed in large letters and San Francisco double-starred. Hollywood would have been in small print if it had been there at all. How soon will the blank spaces that represent on our map the redwood-bordered coast, the still primitive northern corner of the state, the vast war plants, be marked thickly with names?

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 19

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 19 will be found in the next issue.

PLCFATWGL WG BPN PFVHYN DPWAP RWAN TNSJNTG BF RWTBEN.

KH TFAPNXFEAHEKJ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 18

CHARITY, LIKE NATURE ABHORS A VACUUM.—MEN LIKE TO SQUANDER THEIR SUPERFLUOUS WEALTH ON THOSE TO WHOM IT IS SURE OF DOING THE LEAST POSSIBLE GOOD.

WILLIAM HAZLITT—BUTTS OF DIFFERENT SORTS.

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Do Writers Know Hollywood?

The Message Cannot Overwhelm the Technique

COL. DARRYL F. ZANUCK

HOLLYWOOD is an industry of divergent viewpoints. There has never been anything like a common denominator to guide us or to reconcile these diversities. The closest we have ever come to it is in the so-called "cycles." A musical, a historical picture, or a biographical film, greatly successful, will bring a whole host of pictures of similar type in their wake.

Which is a roundabout way of saying that the profit motive in the final analysis has determined our course. That is true, but like so many other generalizations, it is only partly true. Certainly, the producer must have the element of profit constantly before him. In the circumstances, it cannot be otherwise. This, of course, has tended to keep us pretty much in the same well-worn groove. We have radiated sweetness and light since the advent of pictures, and we have carefully refrained, for the most part, from even remote contact with the grim and pressing realities before us in the world.

But there have been stirrings of late—a dawning recognition of the facts of life and of our own responsibilities in presenting and explaining them. In its way, it is the answer to those who forever accuse us of commercialism—of keeping the thought of profit paramount to all else. I know a great many producers who are willing to take, and have taken financial risks, because they felt they had something important to say on the screen—something that needed saying. They've forgotten about profits in doing so and, sad to relate, profits have forgotten about them.

Which brings me to the point of my subject. Is it possible to make pictures which have purpose and significance and yet show a proper return at the boxoffice? I believe it is. I believe the answer is entertainment.

I am not speaking now of the purely escapist stuff which has no other purpose than to entertain. I'm speaking of entertainment as a device to make the serious, worthwhile pictures palatable to mass movie audiences. I'm firmly convinced that the run-of-the-mill movie patron is ready for such pictures—has been ready for them for years. We simply have failed to dress such pictures properly. It is a gap which we must bridge in order to justify our place in the social, economic, and political scheme of things.

Let me get down to cases. A case in point was our own picture, "The Ox-Bow Incident."

We decided to produce "The Ox-Bow Incident" as a motion picture because we believed that such a subject, dealing with mob violence, would be, to a certain extent, a genuine contribution. We knew that previous films dealing with lynching and mob rule had failed. Yet we felt that playing this grim story in a Western setting, with all of the trappings of a cowboy film, would permit us to express the important theme of the film.

The critics loved it. They showered their praises on it. But, in spite of the critical acclaim, it was not a successful picture. It may or may not bring us back the money we put into it. That, however, does not greatly matter in these piping boxoffice times. But what does matter greatly is that here was an honest, sincere, adult picture with something to say which got only a lukewarm reception from the audiences.

Therefore, we have to put it down as a failure. For any worthwhile picture is a failure from our standpoint, yours and mine, unless we can get it before as wide an audience as sees the average good picture which has no purpose but to divert. It is here that the boxoffice counts, not because it determines profits, which is important, but because we fail unless we can get a maximum turnout for those pictures which guide and enlighten the public.

By contrast, we made a Laurel and Hardy comedy called "Jitterbugs" at about the same time. It did twice as much business as "The Ox-Bow Incident."

The Lillian Hellman play, "Watch on the Rhine," is, in my opinion, a perfect example of a propaganda picture. It has something to say, and it says it, without equivocation. Yet it is a marvelous piece of visual entertainment. The theme is there, and the theme is hit hard, but the pure entertainment values are supreme. This is an ideal example of sugar coating the pill. Lillian Hellman had something to say—something vital, and yet to protect her theme and to assure it a popular public reception, she brilliantly designed her story so that the personal elements would appear to predominate.

As long as writers are able to present their themes with such skill and craftsmanship, we need never worry about the failure of motion pictures to make a contribution for the betterment of world humanity. I wouldn't give ten cents for the Lillian Hellman play if the showmanship had been omitted and if the play had concentrated entirely upon the philosophy of its theme. It would, in my opinion, have been a failure.

This should be a profound lesson to all of us. No producer will ever reject your message if it comes in such an adroit package as did "Watch on the Rhine." But if you lay it on the line, as so many stories do, then do not resent rejection.

IN my tour of duty with the Signal Corps, I had occasion to visit many of the fighting fronts all over the world. I saw our men in action, and those of our allies. I talked to thousands of them. Your average fighting man may not have thought this thing out clearly. He is still feeling his way in channels which are quite new to him. But let no one tell you that he doesn't feel that he's not been let down somewhere along the line. In some cases, dimly, and in others, sharply, the fighting men are beginning to perceive that somehow their leaders failed them in a crisis in human history.

They know now that some such a device as a League of Nations, some scheme of world coöperation, must come if we are to escape further agony and bloodshed.

It is up to us to help focus and channelize these thoughts. It is up to us to help give them substance and reality. We can do so. We have the talent, the know-how, and the resources. We have an incomparable medium for education and enlightenment—the greatest the world has ever known.

But much as we'd like to, we cannot do it all at once. We've got to start gradually. We can make the point that so desperately needs making today, but we must do it entertainingly.

That is where writers come in. For their stories and their ideas, after

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all, are the foundation of any film. It is up to you then to find the means and the method by which pictures of meaning significance can be made enjoyable to the mass of the people. They will find that the majority of the producers are ready and eager to go along. For my own part, I would like to remind you of "The Grapes of Wrath" and "How Green Was My Valley." I purchased and produced "Grapes of Wrath" because I felt it was the right thing to do, and I was certain that I could make a popular showmanship picture without sacrificing the thematic content of the John Steinbeck story.

We are producing "Wilson" because we believe in it. The film will cost $3,000,000. It is, by far, the biggest undertaking of the 20th Century-Fox studios.

And what is true of "Wilson" is equally true of Wendell Willkie's "One World," which we are also preparing for the screen. Those pictures simply supplement one another. The one deals with a principle, the other with the concrete expression of that principle —visual proof of how the world has shrunk and how completely the nations of the world have become dependent on one another.

Unless such pictures as "Wilson" and "One World" are seen by the biggest possible number of people, we will have failed in making them. Just getting our money out of them or even making a profit is beside the point. These pictures, I feel, have something of importance to say to the world. They cannot say it if people do not see them in great numbers. I can tell you that unless these two pictures are successful from every standpoint, I'll never make another film without Betty Grable in the cast.

We must forge ahead. We're in danger of being left, like so many of our isolationists, with the ground out from under us. We've got to move into new ground, break new trails. In short, we must play our part in the solution of the problems that torture the world. We must begin to deal realistically in film with the causes of wars and panics, with social upheavals and depression, with starvation and want and injustice and barbarism under whatever guise.

That is why I call upon *writers* to lead the way—if they have something worthwhile to say, let them dress it in the glittering robes of entertainment and they will find a *ready market.* No producer who is worthy of the name will reject entertainment, and without entertainment no propaganda film is worth a dime.

This paper by Col. Zanuck was read at the Writers Congress held by the University of California and the Hollywood Writers Mobilization.

The Hollywood Writers Congress

A Report on the Recent Conference

WALTER WANGER

HOLLYWOOD'S great activity of the past few weeks was climaxed by the Writers Congress held under the joint auspices of the University of California and the Hollywood Writers Mobilization. The Congress was attended by many distinguished visitors including Thomas Baird and Phyllis Bentley, representing Great Britain; Yu Shan Han, representing China; Mikhail Kalatozov, representing U.S.S.R.; Sergio Bagu, Nehemias Gueiros, Enrique de Lozada, Jorge Delano, Sr., Jose Antonio Ramos and Hernane Tavares de Sa, representing Latin America; Major Alpheus Smith of the Special Services Division of the United States Army; Walter White of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People; Lt. Col. Evans Carlson of the United States Marine Corps; Owen Lattimore of the Office of War Information; Walt Disney; Theodore Dreiser; Lion Feuchtwanger; Thomas Mann, and Elliott Paul.

The subjects covered by the seminars and panels were "The Feature Film," "Radio News and Analysis," "Humor and the War," "The Nature of the Enemy," "The American Scene," "Indoctrination and Training Film," "Minority Groups," "Pan-American Affairs," "Propaganda Analysis," "Problems of the Peace," "What a Soldier Thinks," "Writers in Exile," "The Role of the Press," "Short-Wave Radio and Television," "The Documentary Film," "Music and the War," "The Feature Film," "The Animated Cartoon," "Creative Radio," "Publicity and the War," and "Song Writing in War." Royce Hall at Westwood was filled to overflowing for almost every session.

The meeting was opened by Robert G. Sproul, President of the University of California at Los Angeles, in an address in which he said:

> Never has there been such a need for a comprehensive and concerted effort to restudy, re-evaluate, and revise the thinking of mankind. Nor is it presumptuous to assert that this effort can be uniquely well made by the universities which discover, preserve, and impart knowledge, and by the writers who convert it from a harsh and crabbed thing into something musical as Apollo's lute; who, even if less gifted, interpret knowledge to the people and strive to make it the common currency with which they shall conduct their social relations, both domestic and international. Thus are potent seeds planted in fertile soil, to bring forth new appreciation of the freedoms, the resourcefulness, and the opportunities of American life.
>
> A vast new area of responsibility is opening also to these two groups of intellectual men—the writers and the professors, as they look forward to the period of reconstruction after the war. At home, there will be domestic issues, social, political, economic, governmental that will require much wisdom for their solution. Abroad, the United States will have obligations and opportunities not yet realized in its relation to the rest of the world. To attain this wisdom, to meet these obligations and opportunities will require a new type of education for the mass of our citizens, and especially for our leaders.

He was followed by Robert Rossen, Marc Connelly, James Cagney, Y. Frank Freeman, Lt. Col. Evans Carlson, Owen Lattimore, Walter White, and representatives of the United Nations. Colonel Carlson, Marine hero of Makin Island who wears three Navy crosses delivered one of the outstanding addresses of the meeting in discussing "Democracy as a Factor in Military Action." He said in part:

> There is need for us to refresh our memories on the principles which comprise democracy. Especially is there need for us to weigh our own actions against these principles. Now that we are political and moral missionaries to the world we must make certain that we practise the precepts we preach. Are we individually working for the welfare of our democratic society as a whole? Do we accept all racial and religious groups as equals? Are we tolerant of ideas, encouraging their expression and choosing from among them those which we can apply with benefit? Or are we unconsciously drifting away from that stern sense of justice, that impartial equality, that mellow tolerance and that inalienable right of liberty enunciated for

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us by our forefathers. If we are, then Democracy is on the skids, for these principles constitute its life blood. Greed and prejudice; intolerance and government by privilege; these are the precepts of the Fascists whom we fight.

Furthermore, we cannot afford to be inconsistent in the application of democratic principles within the framework of our society. I have been strongly of the opinion, since first I began to reflect seriously on our way of life, that it is both incongruous and inconsistent for our armed forces to be organized and governed by aristocratic methods. For years I accepted the explanation of recognized military leaders that the need for immediate and implicit obedience to orders justified the molding of members of armed services into automatons. It was obvious to me that obedience, particularly under battle conditions, must be prompt and complete. Perhaps intensive regimentation was essential to gain this end. But no such explanation could justify special privilege for leaders. Special privilege invariably invites self-indulgence. Under campaign conditions in the orthodox military setup the quality of living conditions of officers and men were practically identical. Why not under all conditions?

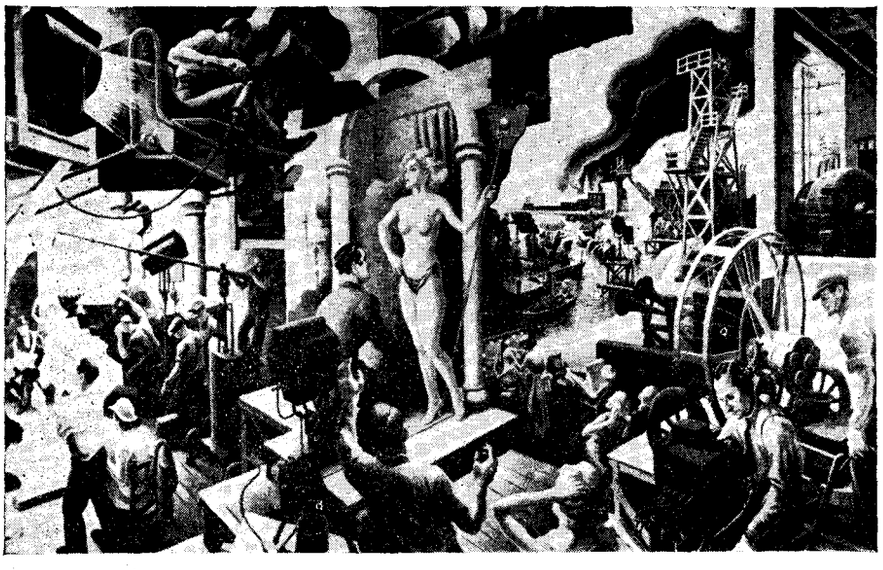
In due time I came to have a better understanding of, and a deep respect for, the basic decency, the honesty, and the quality of intelligence of human beings, especially human beings constrained to work for their livelihood. There came a day when I realized that democracy itself was a way of life acceptable to, and workable by, only men of good intention, honest men, men of sound common sense. The young men of our nation who enter the armed services, I argued, are of this sort. In their home environment they had learned to be resourceful, to use their initiative and to reason logically. Their level of intelligence was high. Why, then, through the medium of reason, could they not learn to balance the expression of initiative and resourcefulness against control, the element so essential to success in military operations? Instead of being based on blind obedience why could not discipline be founded on knowledge and reason?

Democratic practice and procedure are important factors in the conduct of military operations. They make for a more intelligent and more effective solution of every military task. Another benefit, not to be considered lightly, is the influence of such methods in reducing war neuroses. When a man knows what he is doing, why he is doing it, when he has confidence in his leaders and when he is convinced that the end to be gained is worth the sacrifice, he is less susceptible to the frustrations which so often precipitate neurosis. Finally, I submit that the men of military forces who have operated within a democratic framework in the service will emerge from the war better citizens, citizens who are aware of their prerogatives and their responsibilities as members of a democratic society. With such men to shape our affairs we need have little worry concerning the development of an acceptable, yes, a desirable, post-war world.

Colonel Carlson is one of the outstanding men of this war and represents that New World military point of view.

Vice-President Wallace's message read at the opening session was direct and to the point. I quote:

> Let me exercise the time-honored role of the layman and tell you who are experts at writing what I conceive the functions of the writer to be at this critical moment in our history.
>
> The writer's present duty, I am convinced, is to tell the facts, to give meaning to the actions and feelings which constitute the world today and out of which the common man, once he has knowledge of these things, will draw his own sound conclusions.
>
> And the writer's responsibility, I am convinced, is first of all to know these facts and understand these actions and feelings so that he will be able honestly to perform his duty of informing the common men and women.
>
> Keep your eyes and ears upon your country and upon the world. It is time to discard the old precept to see no evil, hear no evil, and tell no evil. See it and hear it wherever it is to be seen or heard, and tell it for all you're worth. And tell of the good, too, and no less than the other. Only tell it, and tell it truly.
>
> Then the common man will read and, reading, will know and, knowing, will act. He will act in the knowledge that we are all neighbors whether we want to be or not. The airplane and radio and motion pictures have settled that. The one question is as to whether we shall be good neighbors or bad ones.
>
> You can throw your influence and the common man's influence against super-governments of cartels and trade restraints which sap the sovereignty of elected governments and corrupt the relations of those governments one with another. You must remember that the common man holds the promise of this century, speaks all languages, is of all races, and constitutes all the marketplaces of the world.
>
> I remember a remarkable chapter in John Steinbeck's book, "The Grapes of Wrath," which begins with the simple words, "The spring is beautiful." And at the end is this: "And the smell of rot fills the country . . . and in the eyes of the people there is a failure; and in the eyes of the hungry there is a growing wrath." In between this beginning and this end, Steinbeck tells what happens: "Men who have created new fruits in the world cannot create a system whereby their fruits may be eaten."
>
> Mr. Steinbeck, I think, was touching on the tragedy of our time. But I think that the promise of our time is precisely that we *can* create a system whereby our fruits can be eaten. More than that, I think the way to do so is clear before us. If we fail, the failure will be so gigantic as to bury all the successes of the war that we are fighting so well. But we will not fail."



Thomas Benton's conception of Hollywood.

Among those who have been in California recently are Charles P. Taft, who flew out to talk to the motion picture industry on the problem of youthful delinquency, Wendell Willkie, who is reported to have impressed the California politicians as well as the literati, Samuel Grafton, Eliot Janeway of *Fortune* who was enormously impressed by Samuel Goldwyn's new film "North Star," which he reviewed privately, Graham Spry, Sir Stafford Cripps's right-hand man who accompanied him to India, and Senators Chandler, Mead, Brewster, and Reynolds on their way back from the war fronts.

Mrs. J. Borden Harriman and Louis Dolivet are due here for a national hook-up on movies and Pearl Buck is coming for the United War Chest.

Disney is off to Mexico where he has two units working and the underground has it that "Madame Curie" with Greer Garson is a great film.

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Librariana in California

The "Ramona" Tradition

ALTHEA WARREN

PUBLIC libraries came into existence in California during the 1870s. There were, therefore, a number of them to purchase the greatest of California novels when it appeared in 1884. Since then "Ramona" and "Two Years Before the Mast" have held their place as the twin classics of Southern California. They are the cauldron of local colors for the South just as the chronicles of the Forty-Niners make the legends of the northern part of the state.

The Los Angeles Public Library purchased its first copy of "Ramona" in the month of its publication, and since then has bought over a thousand copies. With the upheaval of all our established habits in the Second World War, it is not at present much read. It is on all collateral lists for high school students, of course, but the hop-skip-and-jump youngsters of today are adepts at evading volumes of over three hundred pages, especially if they move at pre-aeroplane speed.

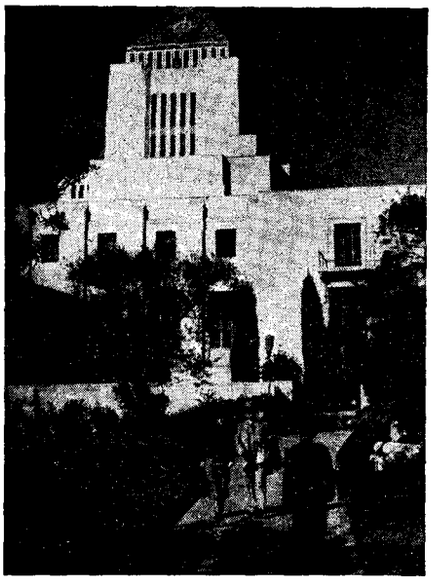
The most avid demand for the book has always been from the tourists and they are a minus element in the Los Angeles population of 1943. The hordes in blue and khaki uniforms who have replaced them have brief time for reading anything but technical texts while they are in training. The other newcomers who fill the fifteen housing authorities and swarm to the shipyards and to the aeroplane factories are too weary to explore in off hours the history of the strange new country to which they have traveled by trailer or patchwork Ford from the Middle West.

Rooted citizens of California, however, re-live "Ramona" through the changes of each year from the spring when the wild mustard "with a clear blue sky behind it . . . looks like a golden snow-storm" to the desert sunsets of autumn "when the valley is flooded with a strange light at once ruddy and golden."

Several of the southernmost counties of California contain places celebrated because dramatic or pathetic scenes of the story took place there. In San Diego are two "Ramona's marriage places," the genuine and the spurious; in Riverside County at the foot of Mount San Jacinto is the site of the little adobe house where Alessandro and Ramona were living when their baby died; in the Santa Clara Valley is the Camulos Ranch where Ramona grew up. Annually, since 1923, the open-air Ramona Pageant has been given in Ramona Bowl of Hemet—a spectacle for the crowded tiers that view the mingling of townspeople and Indians in a carefully rehearsed play staged amid the settings of the story itself.

If the book can no longer hold its own among the best sellers with the young generation, everyone who comes to California still has to ask about it to understand the names of school houses and auto courts and brands of beer and olives.

Its publishers, Little, Brown and Company, have taken care, decade after decade, that "Ramona" has kept up-to-date in print and illustrators. The first edition of 1884, with the three gilt sunflowers on the cover, was followed in 1900 by the two-volume Monterey edition with drawings by Henry Sandham, artist of the Century Company, who went with Mrs. Jackson on several of her trips through Southern California gathering backgrounds for the novel. It also contains the introduction by Susan Coolidge which in twenty-four pages gives the events of Mrs. Jackson's life and the brimming charm and ardor of her character with all the sentiment of the Victorian period and with those first-hand details known only to "the confidential female friend."



The Public Library at Los Angeles

In 1913 A. C. Vroman of Pasadena provided the introduction and photographs of a second two-volume edition. He explains how several discrepancies of distances and location came about in "Ramona" because Mrs. Jackson first planned to take as the ranch of Señora Moreno the Guajome Ranch near Oceanside and the San Luis Rey Mission. Its mistress, haughty Señora Ysador Coutts, after welcoming Mrs. Jackson and telling her much about the Indians and the interesting people and places of the region, became offended by the questions or demands of her all-pervading and reformatory guest. Señora Coutts was a Bandini, one of the oldest and most respected of the early California families. It is easy to imagine how her flint-hard prejudices and traditions would have struck sparks in contact with Mrs. Jackson's steel of purpose. She forbade the use of Guajome Ranch as the scene of the story.

Mr. Vroman further explains how Don Antonio Coronel and his wife came to Mrs. Jackson's aid and sent her with letters of introduction to the Camulos Ranch near Santa Barbara where the del Valle family were willing to provide an authentic setting for her use.

The Literary Guild brought out a spirited modern edition of "Ramona" in 1932. It is illustrated by Henry Morton Stoops in black and ecru drawings and printed in big type.

The most recent edition appeared in 1939 with four full-page illustrations in color by Howard Pyle's great pupil, N. C. Wyeth, and contains a tribute to the book's "passionate protest against injustice" by May Lamberton Becker.

IT is fifty-nine years since the masterpiece of Helen Hunt Jackson's life of authorship came from the press, less than eight months before her death. To achieve it she had left the luxuries of her rich husband's home in Colorado Springs; she had journeyed over difficult mountain roads to the Indian reservations of San Diego County and the dusty length of the missions along the coast. She had laboriously compiled, with the help of Abbot Kinney, her co-commissioner, reports to the Federal Government on the condition of the California Indians which were published in "The Century of Dishonor." After breaking her leg, she had the handi-

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cap of lameness and increasing ill health to overcome. Her hatred of aggression and cruelty conquered every obstacle, however, and by today has achieved for the Indians every improvement she recommended to President Cleveland. Even the industrial school, which she no more than vaguely projected, has been established and named "Ramona."

It does not seem an exaggeration to say that Mrs. Jackson aroused public sentiment for the Indians as valiantly as Mrs. Stowe for the Negroes. There were many points of likeness between Helen and Harriet. Both were New England women from families of intellect and religious devotion. They began by writing books for children. Their quick sympathies, rather than close and long association, roused them to champion the causes of their most famous novels. Mrs. Stowe was never in slave country except for a few days on a driving trip. Mrs. Jackson heard a lecture by the Ponca Indians, Standing Bear and Bright Eyes, in Boston in November, 1879. From having been a person who abhorred a woman with a mission, she instantly adopted the Indian's cause and made it her controlling purpose for the remaining five years of her life. Both "Ramona" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" have reached millions of Americans through their dramatizations even more than in their novel form.

The Redlands Movement

LAWRENCE E. NELSON

BOOKS are human documents. An active realization of this obvious but often ignored fact has led a small California college to a place almost unique among American schools.

Many colleges and universities have occasional literary lectures and author's readings; one school groups such readings into a "living magazine" presented in person instead of in print; two or three have sponsored professional short courses for writers; two or three others administer large endowments for literary prizes and fellowships.

But I know of no other college or university in which living authorship has become so intimate a part of the school-wide program as it has at the University of Redlands.

Take Writers' Week. Twelve years ago the department of English, disturbed by the personality vacuum in which its students seemed to think of books, asked them, "Would you like to meet some writers?"

Two hundreds students raided their own depression-flattened pocketbooks for travelling expenses of writers to be invited.

The writers came. They discussed informally their ideas, their efforts, and their problems, whether it was to an assembly of the entire student body, to a supposedly English class to which a history class, an astronomy class, and a sociology class had suddenly added themselves for the day, to an evening session open without charge to town and gown alike, or to a single ambitious student. When they went home they were tired, but somehow rested and refreshed.

Throughout the ensuing twelve years Writers' Week, now gladly financed by the college itself, has flourished and has become an outstanding literary event in Southern California, to which metropolitan newspapers send photographers and reporters, and give generous headlines.

To a small college of fewer than a thousand students, in a small town of fifteen thousand, located sixty-five miles from the nearest large city, have come hundreds of writers, to speak and to answer questions. Other hundreds have come to listen and to ask questions, and have brought picnic lunches to the park adjoining the campus, and have visited together, talking shop. Writers have learned to speak of the college and the town with affection. Last June fifty of them took over a residential inn in Redlands for their annual outing.

Although Redlands did not start "First the Blade," California's intercollegiate anthology of student verse, editorship of which has rotated among California schools since 1928, it has from the first been one of its staunchest supporters. As editor school for the second volume, in 1929, Redlands increased the number of participating California universities, colleges, and junior colleges from the original seven to thirty-three. In 1940 it edited volume thirteen of the series.

Several years ago, upon recommendation of the California Writers' Guild, the donor of California's largest poetry prizes placed administration of the contests at the University of Redlands. This year, despite the distracting pressure of California's booming war industries, and overloaded personal schedules, nine hundred Californians sent to Redlands poems competing for a hundred dollar prize in the adult division, and fifty and twenty-five dollar awards in the high school and junior high school sections. The high ranking poems received national publicity, being broadcast from New York over a nationwide radio network. Posters in libraries and schools throughout California gave advance notice of the program. Fifty entries have already arrived at Redlands for the next contest, although the deadline is not until March 1, 1944.

PERHAPS the most significant new trail blazed at Redlands has been the master's thesis presented in 1941 by Miss Charlotte Hoskins on books which ought to be written. Prepared in consultation with a hundred and thirty-eight librarians and teachers this showed the fields in which there is urgent need for books which have not yet been written, as related to grades three to six in California schools. Despite the limited scope of the study, interest has been national. Postage to cover mailing costs of a mimeographed summary has been sent by publishers and authors from forty states and three foreign countries. Three hundred and fifty copies of this have been mailed. It is safe to assume that it is causing some books to appear which would otherwise not have been written or published. It is almost unbelievable that no similar study has previously been made, but such seems to be the case.

If the American Library Association, or an organization of writers or publishers, will make at regular intervals such a study upon a national scale, covering both school and non-school needs, fictional and non-fictional books, data will be unearthed which will take some of the present gamble out of writing and publishing. When the gaps are located, and the strength of the demand known, more books which ought to be written will be written and published. Fewer which ought to have been strangled long before birth will appear, and fewer rejected manuscripts will wilt in au-

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thors' attics. The war has made Miss Hoskins's information partly obsolete, but she has pointed the way. She has shown that needs can be discovered and measured, that points at which the field is glutted and at which there are gaps crying to be filled can be charted.

While Redlands's influence is thus spreading abroad, what have been the results upon its own campus and community of this constant exposure to literature in the making?

When students, teachers, and townspeople learn the problems writers face, and their methods of attacking those problems, they have a better basis for distinguishing good craftsmanship from shoddy work. So reading tends to be more discriminating, classes in literature more realistic.

Classes in creative writing have become joint adventures. It is not an unusual thing for a Redlands teacher to submit his own manuscript along with those of his students for class criticism. When revised, manuscripts are sent forth, garnering—sometimes rejection slips, sometimes checks. One student, required as a final examination to write within two hours a short story on an assigned theme, mailed a copy to a fiction magazine, and sold it.

More startling is the case of the young married couple which asked for permission to join the course as a unit, write in collaboration, and receive a joint grade. The instructor gasped and agreed. He gasped again when they sold seventeen of their first eighteen articles, thus paying their way through college.

Headed for the Methodist ministry, they carry a Will Hays card, that necessary and difficult-to-obtain open sesame to the movie studios, and write human-interest stories of the younger stars.

But much of the best writing at Redlands is done entirely aside from classes, in informal groups of students from all departments and invited teachers.

Writing has become a normal activity at Redlands.

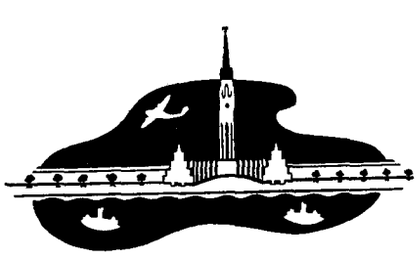
The Practical Variety

MABEL R. GILLIS

NINETY-THREE years is a good span of life for a man. But for a state and its library that is a small bit of time—just enough for them to be coming of age and finding their place of prominence in a world that is already rich with long centuries of life and experience.

The California State Library was founded in Sacramento in 1850, the year of the state's admission to the Union. It began with a hundred or so law books donated by John C. Fremont. The first legislators then in session were taking care of the need of the moment by providing, first, that sort of library collection, nucleus of the great law library which is now one division of the whole State Library.

Today, though the State Library cannot be all things to all men, it can be some part of the cultural life of each man who looks to it for a purpose of his own. In the minds of writers and students interested in Pacific Coast history who have done research work in the California Room, the whole institution is probably the state's historical library. To hundreds of attorneys it is the state law library. To some four thousand sightless readers in California it is the library for the blind. To thousands of people in small and remote communities who make constant use of their local libraries it is the source from which they may borrow books too expensive or too seldom needed to justify purchase by the town or county in which they live. To librarians and library trustees it is a clearing house for information on library procedures, on inter-library loans, on buildings—in fact on all their administrative problems.



Underlying these widely divergent concepts is one unifying idea that has molded State Library policy since 1899 when James L. Gillis was appointed State Librarian. His vision was state-wide public library service, to be achieved through a network of independent city and county libraries whose resources, necessarily very limited in some cases, would be supplemented by those of a great State Library.

To start with, Mr. Gillis had an unorganized collection of some 100,000 volumes, and a staff of seven amateur librarians. Most of the large and

medium-sized cities in the state had their own public libraries but the small towns and villages had either wholly inadequate libraries or none at all, and the rural population, scattered throughout the mountains, valleys, and deserts of California, had no access whatever to the world of publicly owned books. Before his death in 1917 Mr. Gillis had increased the State Library collection to about 250,000, had organized a strong central reference and lending service, as well as specialized departments in law, Californiana, government documents, and books for the blind, all administered by a carefully chosen staff of trained and experienced librarians. The Sutro Branch in San Francisco was also established during this period to care for a gift of the heirs of Adolph Sutro. Rare holdings of this branch include English historical material, thousands of pamphlets, broadsides, and documents on the history of Mexico, ancient Hebrew manuscripts, Shakespeare folios, and old maps bearing particularly on the West.

To improve and expand service in other parts of the state went organizers from the State Library, assisting the small-town libraries with their technical work and fostering the establishment of county libraries, thirty-seven of which were in operation in 1917. The founding of the county library system of California, with the State Library as its center, was the crowning achievement in the career of James L. Gillis.

Under the guidance of his successors, Milton J. Ferguson, who held office from 1917 to 1930, and the present incumbent, Mabel R. Gillis, the State Library has continued to grow and to expand its state-wide services. In 1928 a new section was added to care for a collection of original prints which now numbers 4,000. The book collection has increased to over 500,000 volumes (including the Sutro Branch and Books for the Blind). Although the goal of local library service to all the people of the state has not yet been reached, ninety-eight per cent of Cal-

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ifornia's residents have easy access to public library facilities.

[To this report by Miss Gillis we might append some details based on the findings of the little questions-and-answers pamphlet "Facts About the California State Library." Fiction is left for local libraries. The province of the State Library comprehends Law, Californiana, government documents, historical society publications, technical works excepting in medicine, worthwhile works in French, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese (the war has probably narrowed the taste of readers, here), period and other representative prints, vocal and instrumental music of permanent values, books for the blind—the Library being one of the regional or district depots appointed through the Library of Congress. Some 1300 magazines are regularly on order. The volumes of bound newspapers, largely California and dating back to the first paper, *The Californian,* Monterey, August 15, 1846, number upward of 15,000—a reference library in themselves. The Library is a remarkable lending center: it lends out titles through county, city and small-town libraries anywhere in the state, and even direct to applicants by mail. Reference and research work is done on request; source articles are supplied typed or photostatic, and queries, especially upon California annals, are received from far parts. E. L. S.]

History On File

HERBERT INGRAM PRIESTLEY

IN 1906 the Bancroft Library passed into the possession of the University of California at Berkeley through purchase from its builder. The collection owed its beginnings, in the last quarter of the preceding century, to the enterprise of Hubert Howe Bancroft, who came to San Francisco in 1856 as a publisher and bookseller and who began to gather materials on the Western part of the United States in preparation for his writing of "The Native Races of the Pacific Slope." Once that task was completed, it was apparent that the materials on hand would serve admirably in the composition of a history of the West which should cover the regions into which the Spanish conquest of North America had intruded.

Inasmuch as historical movements have not been confined within present political boundaries, materials for the collection have been gathered which fall somewhat out of the geographical limits of the field, but properly belong within the scope of its historical development. The collection, therefore, numbers valuable and important works on Spain, colonial and republican Spanish America as well as a substantial group of materials on the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands.

Mr. Bancroft sent his buyers into every part of the world where such materials were offered, and they bought all that was available, sometimes in large consignments, when special libraries were offered for sale.

Among the great libraries from which extensive purchases were made were those of Ramirez, Squier, and the Mexican library collected by Andrade for the Emperor Maximilian. Other purchases carried on simultaneously made his collection distinguished in the field in a short time.

The manuscript collection is notable in several special fields. In the field of pioneer Western history it is unique; Bancroft sent his research agents throughout the West, collecting memoirs and diaries from the best known of the early comers and making transcripts of their experiences. Nowhere in the whole field is there such a collection of pioneer records as were gathered together during those years.

One of the most remarkable parts of the manuscript collection gathered by Mr. Bancroft was his transcription and calendar of the archives of the province and department of California under Spain and Mexico. These transcripts, owing to the disaster of 1906, now remain as the unique and priceless record of governmental action during the formative period of the white man's occupation of California.

Another important group of manuscript works is a series of translations of important Slavic works written about Alaska and Russian America. There are numerous manuscripts, books, and documents of a religio-historical nature, the earliest of which go back to the sixteenth century Mexico. Early grammars and dictionaries of aboriginal languages, governmental proclamations, deeds, and the like are valuable for their historical as well as bibliographical usefulness. A list of various manuscripts for Mexico alone, many several volumes in length, numbers well over one thousand.

The map collection in the library is one of its strong points. The holdings in this division date from the sixteenth century and include practically all of the important maps, atlases, and cosmographies of the Pacific side of North America of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. There are earlier maps of America in general, and probably several thousand touching various parts of the whole field for the later period.

The printed works in the collection include twelve Mexican incunabula (books printed in Mexico before 1600), a large group of early cosmographies, a tremendous collection of early voyages, and hundreds of early Mexican broadsides and pamphlets. The collection of California printing is unique dating from the earliest specimens of the Spanish Press in Monterey.

PRINTED official documents are all important source of information, and the library is well fortified with this type of literature. Spanish colonial records, printed in both the old and new worlds, are supplemented with an abundance of provincial publications. Laws, orders, codes, collections of documents, and the varying multitude of materials from central, departmental, and municipal presses are found on colonial New Spain, and Republican Mexico and Central America. Official publications of the Western state governments, particularly in the early and formative stages of territorial growth, are unusually complete. Most of these now

The State Capitol at Sacramento

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rare sets, including British Columbia, have few gaps down to about 1885. The contemporary official output of the various governments throughout the entire field is continued, varying in the degree of coöperation of the various bodies concerned.

Early voyage and travels both in orginal editions and collected sets comprise an important block of the library's collection and are constantly sought after by students of history. In the Bancroft Library, these include the published results of all important and noteworthy voyages and expeditions to the Pacific shores of North America from Purchas and "His Pilgrims," to Thwaites and his "Early Western Travels."

General printed works from commercial and private presses, on all of a thousand and more different subjects that properly belong within the field, constitute the main numerical strength of the library. Early imprints and subsequent works from all of the areas embraced by the general field, as well as pertinent materials published elsewhere, constitute this important division.

The newspaper collection is one of the most important divisions of the Bancroft Library. From the beginning date in 1859, Bancroft preserved those currently published and obtained truckloads of earlier issues from advertising agents. Begun at a time when many of the Western states and territories were in their formative stages, the library received the first news publications from most of the important towns and cities.

Since the library passed into the possession of the University, it has been steadily augmented by gifts and purchases. Graduate students and other representatives of the library have visited the principal archives of Spain and Hispanic America, at first adding typewritten transcripts, and, more recently, photographic copies, of large sections of these archives to the collection of the library. Notable purchases of the past few years include a collection of about five hundred books dealing with Tabasco, Mexico, and of one of around eighteen hundred volumes on Venezuela.

The original field of the library as conceived by Bancroft has gradually expanded. While it is still strongest in Western North American, Mexican, and Central American history, increasing importance has been given to South America, although emphasis is still laid on the Colonial period.

The library has more than doubled in size since 1906, and now contains about 150,000 printed books and pamphlets, 200,000 manuscripts, 10,000 maps, and 15,000 volumes of newspapers.

Huntington and His Hobby

DOROTHY BOWEN

THE Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery in San Marino, California, was planned and brought together by one man, and one who had devoted most of his life to business. Henry Edwards Huntington, a native of Oneonta, New York, whom business interests and natural inclination had established in Southern California, emerged upon his retirement in 1910 as one of the foremost collectors in the country. The collections of books, manuscripts, and art were assembled by Mr. Huntington chiefly between 1910 and 1927, the year of his death, and were to a large extent acquired through the *en bloc* purchase of some of the finest libraries in America.

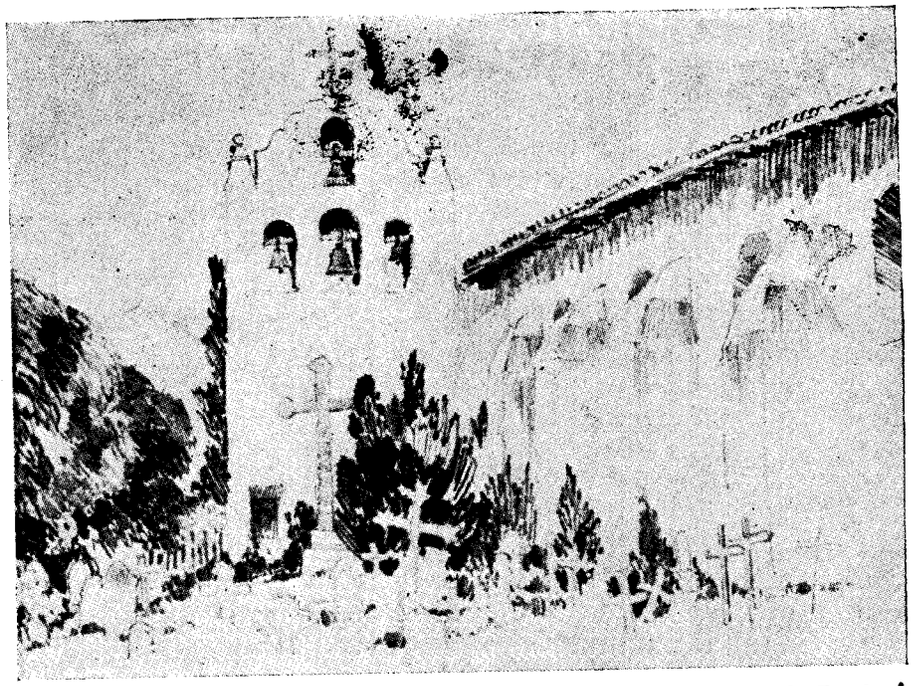
For the five years following 1915 the fast-growing library was deposited in the Huntington home in New York, where a small library staff carried on the work of unpacking and checking and helped in the preparation of a bibliographical catalogue.

In 1920 Mr. Huntington moved his collections and his staff to his San Marino, California, estate, the improvement and re-arrangement of which he had commenced seventeen years earlier. Here the art and library collections were placed in surroundings of rare plants brought together from every continent through Mr. Huntington's interest in determining which of the world's plants of economic value would thrive in southern California.

Today the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery includes the Botanic Gardens (part of San Marino Ranch, purchased in 1902); the Art Gallery (formerly the Huntington house, completed in 1910); the Library building, opened in 1920; and the collections of books and manuscripts and of art assembled by Mr. Huntington.

Its outstanding reputation among institutions of its kind throughout the world stems in part from the collection of eighteenth century English portrait paintings, in part from its incunabula, its extensive holdings of books printed in England before 1641, its important Americana material, and several other specialized fields in which it ranks among the foremost.

Since before Mr. Huntington's death in 1927 the Library has fostered the pursuit of scholarly research. A permanent research staff is engaged in the editing of rare material from the Library's resources. Scholars from distant countries and universities, as well as those situated nearby, come in increasing numbers, brought by the Library on short-term fellowships, or coming independently. The first readers, few in number, were registered in 1924, sometime before the Library's exhibitions were opened to the public. By 1941 they had reached an annual number of four hundred new registrations and over six thousand daily visits to the reading rooms. Because of the Library's particular richness in Eng-



—*"California's Missions," by Hildegarde Hawthorne.*

Santa Ines, from the Graveyard drawing by E. H. Suydam.

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lish historical material to the end of the seventeenth century, English and American scholars concerned with these centuries have been especially drawn to its reading rooms.

In recent years the Library's collections of Californiana and Western Americana have been greatly augmented. Emphasis on the history of the West shows itself increasingly in the Library's publications and in the annual summer research seminars. Within the past few months it has been fortunately expressed in the addition to the Library's permanent research staff of the distinguished historian of Western Americana, Dr. Robert Glass Cleland.

The Botanical Gardens and the Galleries of the institution are open to the public. Tropical and sub-tropical plants, the world-famous Cactus Gardens, and the collections of azaleas and camellias attract visitors the year round to the gardens. In the galleries hang the famous paintings which include Gainsborough's *The Blue Boy,* Reynolds's *Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse,* and Lawrence's *Pinkie.* Normally in the exhibition cases are the Gutenberg Bible, the Ellesmere Chaucer, and other books and manuscripts of rarity and renown. In addition to these displays, exhibits of timely interest or in commemoration of special anniversaries, drawn from the Library's store of historical material, are shown from time to time. Such, for example, have been the exhibition in honor of Sir Isaac Newton's three-hundredth birthday; the Thomas Jefferson bi-centennial exhibit; "Americans in North Africa, 1801-1805"; and the exhibit currently on display, "The American Navy, 1776-1926."

The timely North Africa exhibit of material upon the Barbary Wars, as cited, included old prints of ships and scenes, maps dating back to the operations, original reports—among them the letter-book of the William Eaton expedition through the Libyan Desert to the coast, with Eaton's account of the attack upon Derne; and the log-book of the frigate *George Washington,* Captain William Bainbridge, of the 1800 date when the *Washington* was compelled to set out under the Algerine flag upon an eventful errand for the Dey of Algiers.

A thought naturally arises as to the activities of the Huntington Library in wartime. With a depleted staff some readjustment has been necessary, but essential service to readers and to the public has not been curtailed. Photostat and microfilm reproductions continue to make available to visiting scholars much of the rare material the original of which has been packed away for safe-keeping for the duration.

The general impression made by the Art Gallery upon the visitor has not been disturbed, although a few of the great treasures have been put away. Actually only about one-third of the collection of British portraits and less than that proportion of the decorative arts have been removed from display. The most noticeable change is of course in the vulnerable New Gallery where the familiar wall pieces, including the *Blue Boy, Pinkie,* and *Mrs. Siddons,* have been retired. In their stead it is now possible to bring exhibits of timely interest from the institution's stores of graphic and historical material.

Although the number of visitors to the exhibitions has declined since Pearl Harbor, several hundred persons come to the galleries each week. Noting that among these visitors there are as many as four hundred service men during a month, the Library is displaying a series of exhibits which should be of special interest to men in the armed forces. Frequently men in uniform who have been interested in the arts or in scholarly research prior to their entering the service, seize the opportunity while they are stationed in Southern California or are passing through, to use the research facilities of the Library. The Huntington Library endeavors to give these men assistance in every way possible.

Small Sons

By Sara Kolb Danner

SMALL sons are warriors who flail at fate
Lashing in young disorder.
Muscles are firm at five or six or eight
With no inhibitions.
But the flash of a smile is just across the border.

I watched a chestnut yearling in the field
Nip at its mare.
At first the mare just glared and raised her lip
But finally turned
With mane and tail flashing like comets in the air
And retribution followed with a vice-like nip.
Backing on slanted stilts the yearling reared
And for a little while deference and circumspection
Were blended with the rowdy's rough affection.

What is this vandal tempest in young blood?
Sons play so feverishly
It is like a malady almost.
What fever urges the hands and feet to tantrums of noise and motion?
Boys run and dance and hear a music too young for our ears
A motif of commotion.
But when they rest—they rest utterly.
It is as if they died a little.
But when the short rest is over, piston precise, trigger taut
They dance eagerly away to war whoop cadences.

Mothers send out their thoughts like lariats
Drawing their sons close
But they must run free—free but not too free.
They are picketed with love.
They will run so far and no further
They will feel the invisible wires drawing them back.
Sometimes mothers feel the love flows only outwards—
Arterial.
But this is not so—a fall, a bruise
And young sons run to shelter.
Blood which flows from the heart returns again.

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The Development of American Ideas

THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN THOUGHT. By Merle Curti. New York: Harper & Bros., 1943. 848 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by CHRISTIAN GAUSS

IT would seem to be fitting to inquire a little more closely than we have been doing into the nature and implications of the American history now being written. The opportunity presents itself in connection with the appearance of this book by Merle Curti, Professor of American History at the University of Wisconsin.

Professor Curti's volume could not have appeared under more favorable auspices. In his Acknowledgments he tells us that he was a student of that distinguished older historian, Arthur M. Schlesinger of Harvard, and his volume is dedicated to the memory of Frederick Jackson Turner, the ablest American historian of the last generation. The contributions of Schlesinger and Turner were similar in kind. Both gave us revealing insights into American life by pointing out how the operation of some hitherto unrecognized general situation or principle tended to make us what we are. So Schlesinger found that the significance of the discovery of America lay in the fact that it altered the ratio of man to land. Turner's interpretation of how the existence of the frontier worked steadily to democratize our institutions is familiar to all readers of American history.

Mr. Curti's work is not of this type, neither is it of the type of Vernon Parrington's. His Introduction indicates that he is consciously, indeed self-consciously, the champion of a new school. We have a hint of the nature of his deviation when he goes out of his way to tell us that "the visit to America in 1904 of the German historian, Karl Lamprecht, did much to focus attention on cultural history, *broadly conceived.*" Readers of Lamprecht will recall that he explained in his "Einleitung in das Historische Denken" that it was the function of the modern historian to "periodize," to show more and more clearly how men of particular racial groups living in given geographical areas are changed from one historic moment to another. The passage of time begets change and in these changes lies the essence of history. There are no principles which are not themselves involved in the historical process. That is why another pupil of Ranke's had said, "there can be a history of philosophy but no philosophy of history." That is how "the stream of history" has come to overwhelm all other disciplines. Readers of Lamprecht will also recall that in his account of his trip to America the thing which impressed Lamprecht most was the hopelessly mongrel character of our American faces. In Lamprecht's theory then we have reflected that complex of notions which the Germans call *Historismus.* Nazi theorists found in it ready to hand the notions that *Blut* and *Boden,* blood and soil, are the only significant factors in the shaping of man. In America we could not take over biological heredity as a determining factor. In certain quarters, however, Americans developed a type of history which insisted that "Americanism" was a product of history and not of principles, something essentially unique and incommensurable, the result of our exclusively American past and the never relaxing pressure of our geography. I cannot here explain why a theory of this type should have found readier acceptance with us than elsewhere.

It is clear from Mr. Curti's title as well as his treatment that he regards American thought not so much as the creation of responsible men but as a growth. This is in line with historicism. To the devotees of this school as a Spengler, geographic areas secrete civilizations and systems of thought as the liver secretes bile. It is a purely naturalistic phenomenon. Mr. Curti occasionally struggles against some of the implications of this theory but, in general, for him American civilization, like Topsy, just grows. One does not criticize a growth; one only describes it. So Curti traces the "growth" of American social and political thinking from Jefferson's "Declaration" through Calhoun, into the Post-Civil War Age of the Dinosaurs up to the present. The failure to apply any standards of evaluation gives the reader through long stretches an impression of hopeless confusion and occasionally of futile shilly-shallying. So, for instance, after his discussion of Mary Baker Eddy and Christian Science he concludes: "Whether or not she was divinely inspired as her followers maintained, she was certainly profoundly influenced by the Bible."

We have mentioned the similarity between Spengler's views and Mr. Curti's. It need not astonish us that one who believes so exclusively in the unique and incommensurable quality of American civilization should see in America's entrance into World War I the beginning of the end. From that point on Mr. Curti's volume loses its descriptive character and takes on at times the aspect of a party platform for America First and at others of a blank prophecy of impending doom. He who was so respectful to John C. Calhoun and so tender of Mary Baker Eddy now no longer hesitates to pass moral judgments. He even traduces those who depart from that isolationism which seems so often to be the counterpart of Mr. Curti's view of American history. Of America's entrance into World War I, he has this to say:

> The German refusal to accept President Wilson as a mediator, as the world leader in reconstruction, made the final decision—on his part—less difficult.

There are some accusations which condemn only those who make them. This is one of them. The historian who believes that America just grows and who, without anything approaching historical evidence, goes out of his way to explain in terms of the moral delinquency of a President one of America's most momentous decisions forfeits his immunity as historian. Readers who know that this judgment is false are compelled to regard him as they would any other petty vilifier of the dead.

It is natural that the work of one who regards American culture as a growth or "accretion" should be lacking in definitions. We are never given the criteria or frame of reference by which literary works should be judged. What qualities, if any, outside of their "Americanism" do or should they possess? The criteria also may be presumed to grow. Mr. Curti's attitude toward literary and cultural problems must be inferred from the tone of passages like the following in which he sums up the discussion between champions of American and British culture in the 1820's:

> Cultural patriots insisted that what America had done was only a beginning, that it must throw off entirely the shackles of subservience to the European mind, that a

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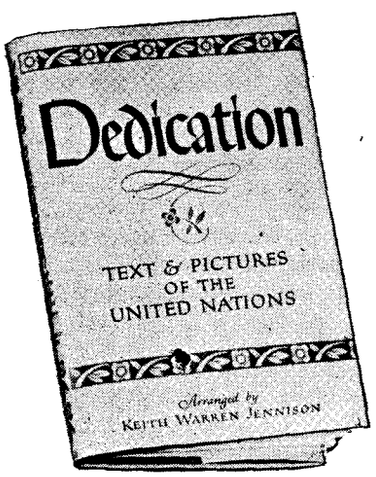

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culture corresponding to the genius of American institutions must be created. To the conception of what should constitute a distinctively American literature and culture many of this country's first minds contributed.

Mr. Curti does not tell us how much of this summary he accepts. He evidently dislikes "eclecticism" but again does not define it. The reader will wonder whether the Sermon on the Mount should be regarded as exotic since it was pronounced by a Palestinian Jew and recorded in Greek so many centuries before Columbus. But if we may still accept this, what other products not home-grown can we afford to take over?

Oddly enough, Mr. Curti's cultural chauvinism is more clearly evident when he deals with science. He is continually lamenting the absence of a "history of American science." In any proper use of words there can be no "American science." All he can ever hope for is a history of scientific activity in America. The discoveries of a Silliman or a Gibbs made in our university laboratories immediately enter the corpus of science. They are valid when they conform to principles accepted by scientists. Their significance as science has no relation to America and can only be assessed in relation to their predecessors and successors whether fellow-countrymen or "foreigners." The only way to contribute to the advancement of science in America is to contribute to the advancement of science. This simple rule also holds for those who would contribute to the advancement of literature or thought in America. Science, literature, and thinking generally are not sound because they are American. Those who believe that they are American only when and because they are sound will find little to enlighten them in this "broadly conceived cultural history" *à la* Lamprecht, as practised by Mr. Curti.

Next on the Social Agenda

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. By Dorothy Canfield Fisher. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1943. 318 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by BONARO W. OVERSTREET

IF half a dozen different doctors were to minister to the same patient, without consultation and with much mutual buck-passing—while all agreed to pretend he was not really ill—we should have a condition of treatment roughly analagous to that which has been accorded to the economic ill-being of our American young people during recent troubled decades.

Much has been done for these young people—by parents and groups of parents, by schools and colleges, by voluntary associations, by the Federal Government. But the efforts have, for the most part, been carried on without an over-spanning plan—and often in an atmosphere of mutual recrimination. And over all the piecemeal efforts has hung an unwholesome air of pretense: a determined pretense that nothing was basically wrong with our economic order; a determined will to label as *emergency relief* measures that are here to stay.

What Dorothy Canfield Fisher does in this book is a movingly simple and honest thing: she discards all this carefully built-up pretense. She says that the economic problem of young people—bred by our whole industrial development; not by a temporary depression—is a genuine problem. It is too big to be handled by the individual or the family. It is too permanent to be handled as a brief emergency. It cuts across all economic lines, influencing the happiness-chances of the well-to-do no less than of the poverty-stricken.

Briefly, the problem is this: in our type of industrialized society there are no longer, as there were in pre-industrial society, natural chances for boys and girls to learn work-habits and work-skills. The home cannot afford such chances, for it is no longer a productive center. The school—except in special instances—is set up to afford learning conditions that seem more artificial than natural to the young man or woman who is eager to establish confident self-respect by taking part in the adult endeavors of society. Industry finds it unprofitable—and often dangerous—to let young people learn on the job: expensive, complicated machinery is not a thing to be handled without responsible skill and judgment. Voluntary and government agencies, because they dare not rouse public anger by coming into competition with private industry or the trade union, are often condemned to training young people, not in up-to-the-minute skills that would give them an honest chance to fit into the modern world, but in skills that represent a throwback to a rural and handcraft society that no longer exists.

—*Eliascheff*

Dorothy Canfield Fisher

In spite of the confusion, however—and the pretense, and the wasted effort, and the ungenerous will to thrust upon our young people as humiliating relief what should be proudly theirs by virtue of their stake in society—the picture is not altogether dark. Dorothy Canfield Fisher sees, under the confusion, the emergence of a new folk-sense of what must be done: an honest folk-realization that a society cannot long survive if it wastes the energies and pride of its young people.

With generous wisdom, she analyzes the experiments that have been made: work camps, the CCC, the NYA, Resident Centers, summer camps. In each she finds the fumbling expression of a truth, at once idealistic and practical, that is gradually dawning upon the average American mind: the truth that young people cannot be judged, in today's world, by their failure to live as their fathers lived in a different world. When the American mind comes to the point where it is ready consciously to acknowledge what it now unconsciously begins to admit, a new era in education will have arrived.

The reading of this book has brought back to me the excitement with which I read, some fifteen years ago, Mrs. Fisher's "Why Stop Learning?" In this book, as in that, she makes education a dramatic adventure.

THE BELOVED NAME

By Witter Bynner

NAMES, names, and names were
mentioned one by one
Like horses' hoof-beats pounding in the sun. . . .

One name remained unnamed as
though forgot,
As though no driver drove the chariot.

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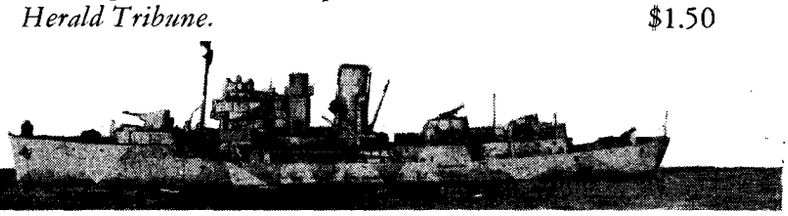

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THE MAGNIFICENT PARADOX

TO most Easterners and outsiders, California is bewildering, somehow alien and portentous. It has the exuberance and the crudities of a new civilization, and yet it is firmly anchored in its past traditions. It is a land of dramatic opposites: North and South; the dry season and the winter rains; ice and orange groves, the desert and such fertility as man has never before created. As a spectacle it is overwhelming; its thousand miles of coastline, its fog-swept mountains bordering the Pacific and enclosing with the high Sierras on the east a truly imperial valley; its miles of arid desert, its climate the most varied on the continent; and, of course, the fantastic and fabulous rivalry of its great cities. San Francisco is tinged with the color of the Orient and the lustiness of the early pioneers. Los Angeles borrows from Mexico and Spain. A thousand paradoxes and absurdities meet the staid Eastern eye. There are staggering share-the-wealth schemes, new Messiahs of new religions, the wilder aspects of Hollywood, people overdressed as cowboys or underdressed as plain human beings, ten-gallon hats and sombreros, slacks and shorts and sandals.

The corroded mountains of the south seem to be a painted backdrop to an endless drama as they stand against a dazzingly illuminated sky. The countryside seems to quiver with subterranean forces as if its people were aware that they slept and toiled over an earthquake belt. Though politically conservative and with perhaps the soundest and most elaborate educational system in the country, California seems strangely on the verge of perpetual tumult. An Easterner feels that here the future is being created; that, indeed, this State lives already in the future, that it must somehow fulfill some indefinite destiny to take the nation and the world with it. The great Bay of San Francisco on which the Spanish, the Russians, the French, and the British looked covetously, the vast roadstead of Los Angeles, face the limitless Pacific and half the human race that lies in Asia. If our destiny is still Westward, you have the feeling that California will lead the way.

That it should bewilder the newcomer is understandable. For long California was a focus for the inchoate forces and aspirations of the rest of America. Its settlers were the dispossessed, the land hungry, the gamblers, and the gold-seekers from half a continent. James A. B. Scherer's "The Thirty-first Star" gives a fascinating account of California's early history and the slow awakening of Ameri to its possibilities. When the flood of immigrants began to trickle through the passes of the Sierra, they represented varied ideals and backgrounds. There were the hardiest and sternest of New England's sons who had marched interminably across the country with rifle and Bible beside the covered wagons, the veterans fleeing from the ruined South, the tough boys in raccoon hats from Kentucky and the Alleghanies, and the early settlers of the Middle West moving to richer pastures, or just moving on.

California was a melting pot within a melting pot. It was also, for long years, the last frontier, where thwarted restlessness inherited from pioneer fathers led to disillusionment and the acceptance of strange creeds and strange gods. It has everything in it, a colossal magnanimity and a puzzling and thoughtless cruelty to the underdog, as "The Grapes of Wrath" has shown. And it has, of course, Hollywood, which must meet the challenge today of acquainting the rest of the world with America, and which itself has become an international industry.

Complex, diffuse, contradictory, grandiose in scope and atmosphere, California cannot be blamed if it fails to present a fixed cultural or literary pattern, all neatly marked out for examination and analysis. But what is lacking in specific form is compensated for—indeed overwhelmed—by the shape of things to come.

H. S.

The Guerrilla

By Don Gordon

THE trees in this region are tall as friends;
barely told from the landscape,
He lies at their brown feet. The quavering earth,
the armies on the move,
The solid guns in line, are caught and active
in his central points of light.

He observes the enemy, beyond them the forests
of the world
Rustling with identical men. His thoughts hidden,
the atom is quiet
In the globe's firing-chamber; if he lives he will
speak certainly and it will be known.

He is a name and a person to those who read
the dangerous map
Of this sector. To the conquered, the people
in all kneeling lands,
He has no past, no habits, no face, he is
their nameless outpost in time.

It has been long since a man stood against
the great slavering animals
With tough hides rippling and scales along
their slanting spines.
The spiral returns at a higher point: the saurian
pack is closing in,
The man is backed to the wall of trees. His fathers
outlived the lumbering forms;
Once more the knuckles tighten, the centuries
are clenched like fists.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Professional Touch

SIR: Bennett Cerf's "Trade Winds" column recently made the mild accusation that Frank Harris's biography of Oscar Wilde was indifferent to facts. This was a habit that the author of "Contemporary Portraits" and other fictions under the guise of biography developed into a profession.

For a time, the Harris biographies enjoyed a considerable vogue, perhaps because they were more autobiographical than biographical. In almost every case, the sitter for the portrait was relegated to the background and Frank Harris appeared in far more than life size. His dialogues, carefully recorded, were virtually monologues in which Harris's dicta predominated. Particularly was this true in the portrait of Thomas Carlyle. Here, Frank Harris went to town and expounded his theory on clothes to the author of "Sartor Resartus," and on the origin, development, and consequences of the French Revolution to the author of "The French Revolution."

Frank Harris's pleasure in the popularity of this conversation piece was somewhat spoiled when a group of irreverent young men confronted him with the charge that, on the basis of his given age, all his interviews with Thomas Carlyle took place when Frank Harris was six years old!

Nothing daunted, the discoverer of Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, and others threatened to write an article on himself as an infant prodigy. His hecklers beat a hasty retreat.

SAXE COMMINS.

New York, N. Y.

The Incurable Controversy

SIR: In re the "Incurable" controversy, I am sure I speak for most of the *SRL* readers when I say that the exchange of correspondence growing out of Dr. Brickner's book has been productive not only of some spirited and frequently bitter debate but of important information and points at issue which were available in no other magazine. If we are sincerely anxious to prepare ourselves for peace, there is an arsenal in letters such as you have published on the subject of Germany—and, I hope, will continue to publish.

I. L. OLGISSER.

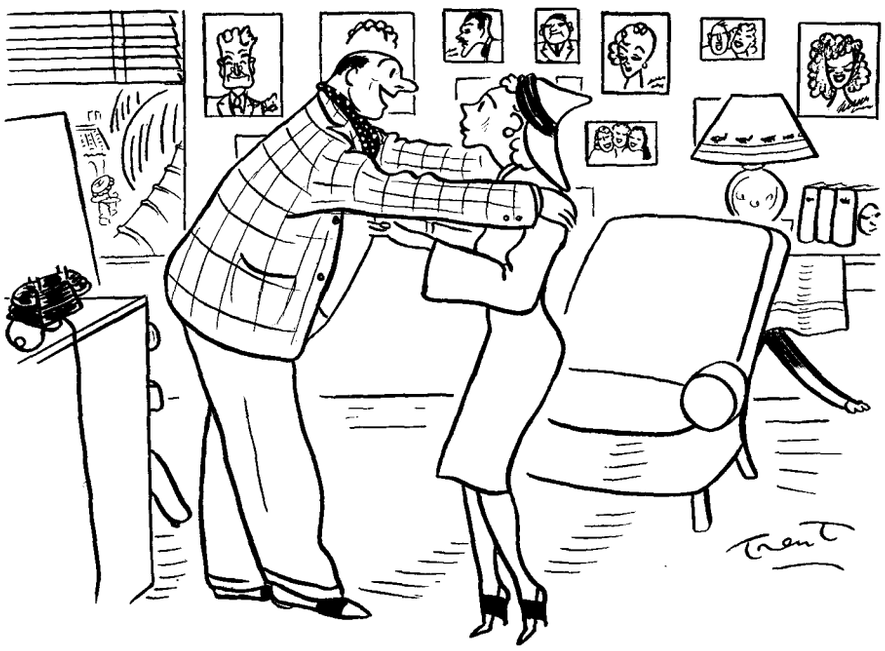
San Francisco.

SIR: The argumentative portion of the letter of Mr. Clarence H. Low in your issue of October 16 answers itself very adequately and calls for no comment by me.

There is, however, an error of fact which should be corrected. He says: "Smith College took him to task resulting in his severance from that fine institution." Nothing of the sort ever took place. Such a charge is an insult to the educational statesmanship of President William Allan Neilson. Not the slightest objection was ever raised by him to my writings or those of Professor Sidney B. Fay on the origins of the First World War. I resigned from Smith College in the spring of 1930, wholly voluntarily, to take up work with the Scripps-Howard Newspapers. My decision may have been a mistake, but I made it of my own free will and choice.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

Cooperstown, N. Y.



"Come, come, Miss Joyce. Don't tell me you didn't read the fine print in our contract?"

SIR: Don't you think that Mr. Harry Elmer Barnes has now taken enough cudgeling in your columns? Of course he asked for it when he ventured to suggest that perhaps just any old stick is not good enough to beat a German dog with, but after all, his critics are using poor tactics and are vulnerable themselves, their railing hardly helping the war effort; and I greatly fear that some of us, at least, will be a little embarrassed when sweet peace returns, forcing us to laugh all this stuff off as war hysteria.

JOHN WARREN.

Urbana, Ill.

The Valued Signature

SIR: Famous writers have sometimes had to topple to the discovery that there were people around who didn't care a hoot about their autographs or even a whole page in their own handwriting. In England, a young girl whom Tennyson thought to please by sending her both his autograph and an original quatrain, let her father make the acknowledgment. That sturdy Britisher wrote the Poet Laureate:

> Dear Sir: I have shown your verses to the schoolmaster. He finds that the tails of the g's and the upper part of the h's are very irregular, and that you also forget to cross your t's. Aside from that, I thank you for your effort.

About the most withering snub ever administered to a "Who's Who in Letters" came to no less a person than George Bernard Shaw. In an English magazine, the dramatist once boasted that he knew how to make an excellent cup of coffee. Thereupon, a country parson wrote to him for the recipe. Shaw wrote it out, but, true to character, he ended his letter:

> I hope that this is a genuine request, and not a surreptitious mode of securing my autograph.

Back came the parson's reply:

> Accept my thanks for the recipe for making coffee. I wrote in good faith, and, in order to convince you of that fact, allow me to return what it is obvious you infinitely prize, but which is of no value to me—your autograph.

FREDERIC CARRUTHERS.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Literary Crypt

SIR: The Cryptograms are a great addition to your puzzles—but why so easy? The last took me eight minutes. I can spare more time than that.

M. REIMER.

Rushville, Ind.

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TRADE Winds

CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES in literary circles last week was neither best-selling "So Little Time" nor onrushing "Under Cover," but a hefty and ponderous tome published by the State Department. This purported to be the diplomatic correspondence of the pre-war decade, but it turned out to be as carefully angled as a political campaign speech. Incredulous critics searched in vain for Ambassador Dodd's explicit and repeated warnings of Nazi plots and imperialistic blueprints, Ambassador Bowers's crystal-clear analyses of the real forces behind the war in Spain. The report, in short, promises to be the first book in history that will be more famous for what it left out than what it included. Omission of the data on Spain was particularly unfortunate in light of the fact that a national weekly chose this time, above all others, when even the most trusting and quiescent citizens are beginning to understand that Francoism and Hitlerism are cut from the same cloth, to print a eulogy of the slippery Iberian Fascist by a high churchman who ought to know better. Wendell Willkie labelled the State Department report "a white paper on a black record." . . .

IN EUROPEAN publishing circles before the Nazi scourge, the name of Kurt Wolff was something to conjure with. In Munich (Kurt Wolff Verlag) and Florence (Pantheon Casa Editrice) he published some 2,000 titles—beautiful art books, the work of such headliners as Sinclair Lewis, Romain Rolland, Franz Werfel, André Gide, Heinrich Mann. . . . Overnight he was robbed of the fruits of years of brilliant planning and impeccable craftsmanship. Now, undaunted, he has come to America to begin all over again. A serious, fine-looking man, who suggests Paul Lukas, the star of "Watch on the Rhine," Wolff has incorporated Pantheon Books, and, from his home at 41 Washington Square, published his first American list. . . . "I am happy indeed," he writes, "to have the possibility of a new start here. My idea, however, is not that of competition with the great American publishing houses. I believe that there is justification in the publishing of European authors of high quality, representative of trends of thought still active in present-day Europe, its history, its politics. The first Pantheon list exemplifies this idea: Peguy, George, Burckhardt, de Coster—French, German, Swiss, Belgian, each of them an outstanding representative of his nation." . . . Later on Kurt Wolff hopes to get around to some American books and some fine art books. Of the fifteen titles on his first list, the most promising is a handsome new edition of "Tyl Ulenspiegl." This is no children's book, as many people suppose, but a memorable story of man's fight for liberty, with several episodes distinctly on the bawdy side. Another Pantheon book that will attract attention is "Danse Macabre," a book of drawings by the celebrated Frans Masereel. . . . Trade Winds admires Kurt Wolff's courage and good taste, and welcomes him to the fraternity of American publishers. . . . A postcard will bring you the first Pantheon list, a neat bit of typography on its own. . . .

ANOTHER PUBLISHING HOUSE—this one strictly homegrown—that is quietly but surely developing into major stature is Crown. Not so many years ago this outfit's chief concern was remainders and publishers' overstock—the first serious threat to the doughty Max Salop's hegemony in this field. Since it has begun publishing on its own, and gobbling up tottering houses (Covici-Friede; Lothrop, Lee, and Shepard) Crown has hit big sales figures with such excellent anthologies as "Men at War" (edited by Hemingway), "Twenty Best Plays of the American Theatre," "Best Cartoons of 1943," "The Complete Etchings of Goya" (with a foreword by Aldous Huxley). Its "Cheerful Cherub," acquired from Covici, is up to 125,000, the "Five Little Peppers" series far above that figure. Crown's fall list features its first novel: "This Is My Brother," by Louis Paul, the story of an American soldier awaiting death in a Jap prison camp. Its "Twenty Best Film Plays" contains the complete scripts of such memorable screen dramas as "Mrs. Miniver," "Rebecca," "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," "Zola," and

"It Happened One Night," also a few sleepers like "Make Way for Tomorrow" which never got a tenth of the credit it deserved. The idea behind this book strikes me as a very sound one; in fact, it cuts the ground right out from under a similar notion hatched for the Modern Library by Garson Kanin, who probably never would have gotten round to it anyhow. Presiding genius of Crown Publishers is soft-spoken, reticent Nat Wartels; its address, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York. . . .

THE DIETZ PRESS, of Richmond, Virginia, has published a book by Marnyell William, called "Script-easers," which is designed to give radio announcers ear-catching openings for commercial programs. For the gentry in the profession this book should come in mighty handy; the general public, I suspect, would prefer an invention that would turn off the radio automatically when the "commercial" was about to begin. To this listener, at least, the most bearable commercials are the Heinz plugs on "Information Please" and Ben Grauer for Jergen's on the Winchell spot; the most maddening, by far, the drool you have to listen to with Lucky Strike's "Hit Parade." . . . For the best brief essay on radio commercials, Trade Winds will present a photograph of Ezra Pound, suitable for framing. . . .

THE ECSTATIC two-page spread on Whitney Darrow, Jr.'s "You're Sitting on My Eyelashes" in a recent *New York Times Book Review* is credited with initiating the landslide of demands for that cartoon album. An inveterate smeller of rats pointed out that the review was signed with the initials "W. D.," which correspond roughly with those of the author's father, the voluble vice-president of Scribner's. Darrow père, waxing wroth, called attention to the fact that the review in question contained such words as "let's-cock-a-snooks," "acerb," and "transmutation." "Not even Max Perkins uses words like that in our organization," he declared. Furthermore, he has done a little sleuthing of his own at *The Times* offices. Says they've recently taken on a new assistant in the book department there. Girl named Wisteria Dinkelspiel. . . .

ATTENTION OF CRITICS who proclaim that war books have lost their popularity: Holt's first printing of Ernie Pyle's "Here Is Your War" is 125,000 copies. . . . The reddest face in town belongs to the advertising agent who prepared the copy for a new Spanish

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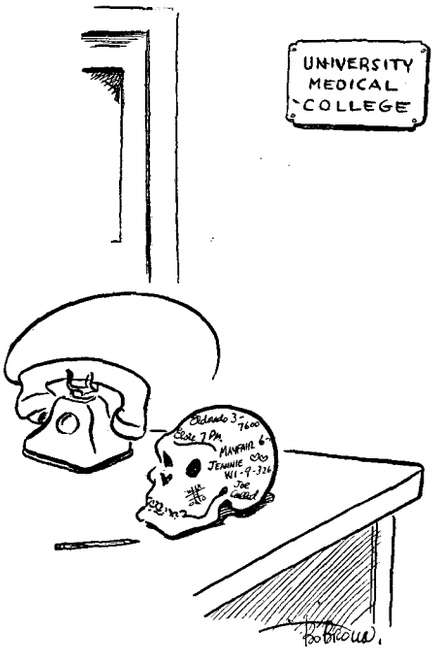
primer, and committed a grammatical error in the simplest kind of Spanish sentence in the text. . . . Applications for Houghton Mifflin's ninth annual Literary Fellowships, offered both in fiction and non-fiction, will be accepted until January 1. Previous winners include "Green Margins," "Young Man with a Horn," and "The Giant Joshua." . . . Success story: Nine months after he joined the staff, Lee Barker has been appointed editor-in-chief at Doubleday, Doran. That firm's advertising will be handled henceforth by the streamlined, up-and-coming Spier and Sussman agency. . . .

THERE SEEMS TO BE considerable dispute about the origin of the story about the scientist who avoided a week's torture by tricking a band of cannibals into lopping off his head. Kenneth Porter, of Vassar's History Department, and Van Cartmell, of Garden City, agree that the story is Jack London's "Lost Face." Cartmell adds that the scientist didn't eat the herbs that he claimed would render him immune to death, but rubbed them on the back of his neck. That made the headsman's swipe all the more dramatic. Amendment accepted. Jay Lewis, of *The Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch* says the story was written by Hugh Pendexter, and appeared in the old *Adventure Magazine* under the title of "The Fighting Years." My lawyer's bride, recently known as "Miss Northampton," insinuates that I made up the story myself, since it has no point whatever. Robert Hammond Murray writes "That's an easy one! It's by Grace Livingston Hill. *Vide* her 'My Sugarbowl of Horror Tales.'" . . . Maybe we'd better drop the whole thing. . . .

THE NATION'S colleges and universities might study with profit to themselves and their communities the technique of the college-sponsored public forum as developed and operated by Cooper Union in New York City. Here is something that is pretty much of a power plant for democracy all by itself. Let me give you the picture: On the fringes of New York's Bowery—not the rowdy-dowdy, wide-open place it used to be, but still plenty tough today—stands the old brownstone six-story Cooper Union Institute, built before the Civil War. You go downstairs to the auditorium, a large, semi-circular affair liberally sprinkled with supporting pillars; it has a seating capacity you would guess at about one thousand. The platform is saturated with history; it was here that Abraham Lincoln gave his famous Cooper Union address.

Into this hall three evenings a week to attend the lecture series come all kinds of people from all over the city—intellectual students from the uptown



colleges; businessmen, some from the garment district, some from the financial district, some just storekeepers; seamen in port for a week or two; poorly dressed old men straggling in from the Bowery; comparatively well-to-do ladies and gentlemen from the Upper East Side. They come because Cooper Union has become something of a headquarters in the world of ideas, because this is the Congress of the Common Man. There are three forums a week—all of them presided over and planned by Prof. Houston Peterson, of Cooper Union. He has the toughest forum job in the country, but has a genius for handling situations loaded with dynamite. . . .

DR. GAYLORD HAUSER'S "Diet Does It," a new Coward-McCann publication, is planned "to let all of us in on the secrets of beauty and health that were originally confined to Hollywood's chosen few." On a recent visit to New York, Dr. Hauser told of the beneficial effects of his dietary system on "his girl friend." His guests suddenly realized that he was referring to Greta Garbo. . . . Walter Lippmann defines propaganda as "that branch of the art of lying which nearly deceives your friends without deceiving your enemies." . . . Colonel Rex Smith, first editor of *The Chicago Sun*, relays the latest sergeant-rookie variation. The sergeant spoke his piece on the shoes the rookie wore to assembly. The rookie explained that he had worn them in private life. "So what?" snapped the sarge. "Did you have a high silk hat when you were a civilian, too?" "Why, yes, Sergeant, I did," was the reply. "Then why don't you wear that here, too?" "Don't be silly," snapped the private. "Who ever heard of wearing a top hat with brown shoes?"

BENNETT CERF.

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—*The New Yorker*

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—N. Y. *Times Book Review*

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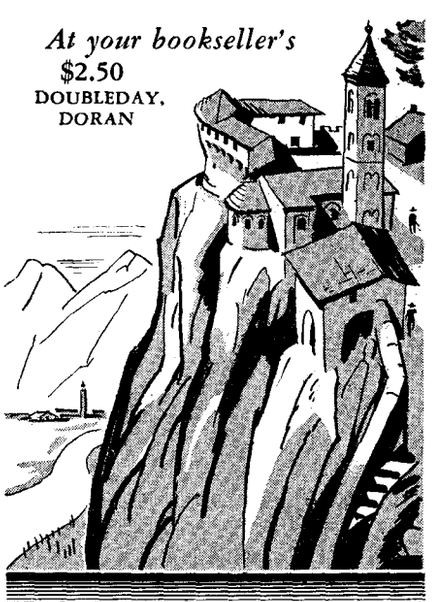

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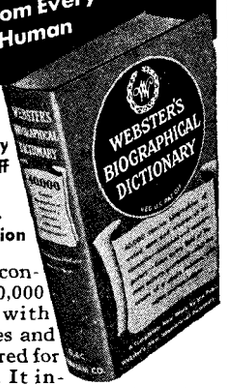

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The Career of Kathrine

KATHRINE. By Hans Habe. New York: The Viking Press. 1943. 416 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

HANS HABE in this latest book of his has chosen one of the most difficult tasks a novelist can set himself; the story, from its beginning, and the intimate psychology of an intellectual and successful courtezan. How she got that way, what she does with it, and its effect upon herself and other people.

Here is no prostitute, high or low, accompanied by the possible pity a losing performance invokes, but a clear-eyed, cool-blooded, outwardly lovely person, using her talent, her beauty, and her body, to play double or quits with the world. And what's more, she wins. And what's more, she wins without compunction or regrets. There is no trace of the death, spiritual or otherwise, which is supposed to be the wages of sin. Quite the contrary.

Kathrine, after whom the novel is named, born Kathi Stoessl of peasant stock, but through a marriage of convenience financed by herself with a worthless old aristocrat become Kathrine, Countess von Hugh, has been for fourteen years the mistress of Bertrand Lacoste, the motor-king of France; the discreet, aloof, dignified, and beautifully furnished mistress. The French have a phrase for it, *bien tenu.* And before that, but for shorter periods, she has been the mistress of other rich men. And before that, her first experience, she has been betrayed by a dashing young officer of the Austrian cavalry who has come upon her in her native Vienna; an episode which embarked her upon her career of compensation and revenge. The young officer, killed by a fall while steeplechasing, leaves Kathrine with an illegitimate daughter, soon to be born, and it is this daughter, Manuela, who becomes the mainspring of her mother's life; the object of a slow, careful, well-planned campaign on the part of the mother to make the daughter what the mother can never altogether be, a great, rich, and respected lady. Manuela personifies to Kathrine, Kathrine herself in reverse.

—*Bernice Abbott*
Hans Habe

The background is Paris and France in the years immediately preceding the declaration of war in 1939, and the year following.

Now, this is a rich and dramatic background, and the plot vaguely outlined is a rich and dramatic plot with many possibilities, but, once more, a peculiarly dangerous one, and it is no very severe criticism to say that while the novel succeeds admirably with the background and the minor characters, and is consistently interesting and worthwhile, it does not altogether succeed with the leading character. I doubt if any novel could. Women like Kathrine should be kept where they belong, in history or biography. The difference between history and fiction, and the reason why fiction is more important than history, and its only excuse, is that, while history has no point of view, great fiction, no matter how unconscious this may be on the part of the author, invariably has. In fact, that is the primary definition of all art, if the world, including a number of artists, would only realize it. Art is a selection and arrangement; life, unless it is viewed in terms of eons, is frequently casual and chaotic. And it is this selection and arrangement, inevitably entailing a point of view, which involves the reader emotionally in the lives of fictional characters; otherwise, he has the same sense of loss which accompanies time spent with any unrewarding person. The reader must care what happens to these people, even if their Fate is satirical, or else he must care what happens to life because of the folly, or wickedness, or stupidity of these people.

Hans Habe, it seems to me, missed a great opportunity, considering the background of his novel, when he failed to show the smallness of the plans of even as careful a person as Kathrine in face of the terror sweeping down upon her from the north. He does show this with his other leading character, Bertrand Lacoste, and as a result Bertrand Lacoste,

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vulgar materialist as he is, becomes a real and pitiful person. Perhaps the novel starts on too high a key. The opening sentence is, "She was named Kathrine. Therefore she was called Kathrine the Great." The more one reads, the less one perceives the reason for the adjective. Kathrine is merely a cool and successful courtezan, sacrificing everyone, including her daughter, to her own ends and giving singularly little in return.

The attraction the figure of the cool and successful courtezan exercises upon the mind of the male novelist would make an interesting thesis. The male novelist is likely to play with this idea as a moth plays with a flame, and, as is the case with the moth, usually the male novelist gets burned. Unless he has a mind so vicarious that it can become almost completely feminine, he is inclined to give the girls too much credit for imperviousness. The delusion stems, I think, from the oldest and dearest of purely masculine visions, the vision of Lilith; the lovely lady, never existent, who is good and kind and everything nice in bed, but who, once out of it, has a soul so capable both of attachment and detachment that with all the goodwill in the world she allows the male, totally unhindered, to go about his strange preoccupation of trying to run a disordered world until, in his mind, curfew rings again. Then, there she is on schedule; sugar and spice and everything nice.

Heaven to the male mind consists largely of a place where all men eat their cake and have it. What the ladies do in the intervals is debatable. But if they really understand heaven, which is doubtful, at least as the male mind envisions it, they retire like well-kept cakes to some secure pantry or ice-box.

It is my regretful conviction, although of necessity a dim one as is always the case, that women are not like that. They seem to me more of a piece and not so easily disjointed spiritually; the majority, Eves, which means a sometimes troubling capacity for attachment, and only a small minority, Liliths, which means no capacity for attachment at all. And the trouble with the latter as fictional characters, at least in any leading role, is that the male mind, despite its prehistoric daydreams, resents Lilith bitterly when occasionally he meets her in the flesh. Unfair as it may be as between one businessman and another, the male element does not like the profit motive as the only emotion in a transaction in which it feels its own overpowering charm should play some part.

Nor do I believe that even the most successful courtezan is altogether successful or goes altogether unscathed. Women novelists, being women, know this and their courtezans are never completely successful. Such women walk a narrow and perilous road between emotion on the one side and a world eager for disaster on the other. There must be no deviations in their paths and no break in their armor, and the one thing they must not do, as Hans Habe points out, is the one thing all women want to do, which is to fall in love. Good writing, however, has its aura and "Kathrine" is the best of writing. Perhaps its importance lies in something that is not said —the death which comes from not caring enough about anything save comfort and material success. The history of the last decade and, in some quarters, even of the present, points toward this as the mysterious, and heretofore unidentified, sin against the Holy Ghost.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTICS (No. 500)

MAURICE HINDUS:
MOTHER RUSSIA

Superb as is the democratic eloquence of her* constitution . . . very much of it still awaits fulfillment in every-day life. . . . The elevation of the individual to a condition of political self-expression . . . is still a matter of the future.

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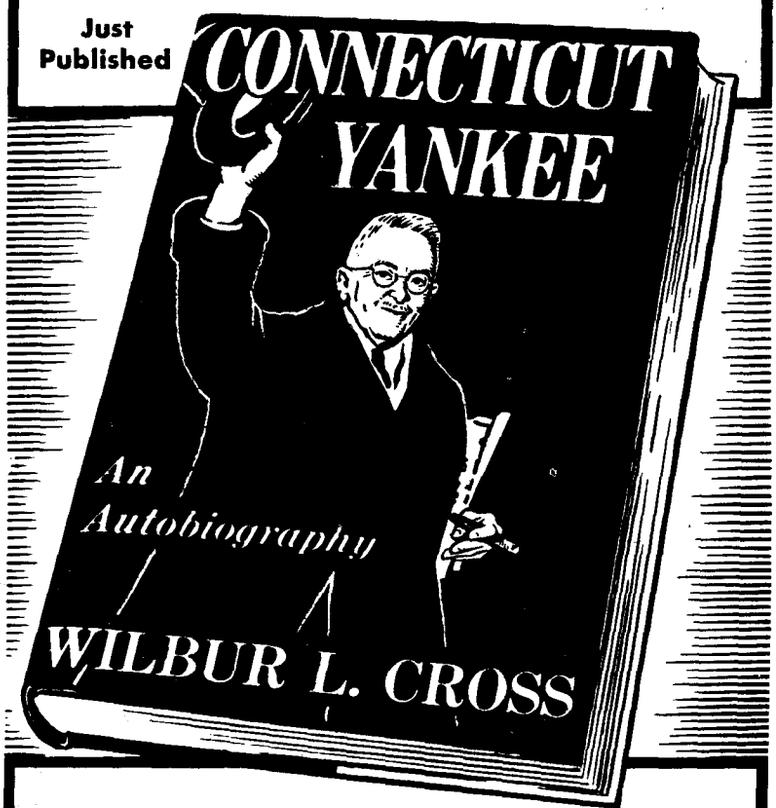

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Drama in Alabama

BRIGHT IS THE MORNING. By Robert Gibbons. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 339 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

THIS is a remarkable novel in terms of what Robert Gibbons has done and what he has tried to do. Clearly it is as veracious a picture of those ordinary Alabama people who live neither behind the great white columns nor beneath the leaking roof as any reader could ask. It is also a young writer's remarkable experiment in creating a drama in depth, in writing directly the story of his Gael brothers caught in love with the same woman beside the memory in their elders of the same struggle in love in the generation before.

The result is a story somehow told at the same time in the clear Alabama sunlight and like a reflection in a dark Alabama pool. Fortunately, this sometimes over-elaborate design in drama, which lights the present with old bitterness, old tenderness, and some old understanding, does not so preoccupy Mr. Gibbon as to prevent him from drawing his people with skill and honesty. They are in fact and not merely in drama the people of the country and small town South. Indeed, it is the warmth and humor with which he has drawn them and not what he does to them which gives his book its real distinction.

This is not said to minimize the manner in which he has told the story of the Gaels, and of the streak of wild blood in their race. There is a story implicit in the contrast between the Gael brothers, shy Jesse and strong, wild Joe Tom. Mama Gael, who dislikes Joe Tom and holds to Jesse with an unwillingness that he be emotionally weaned, is not a pretty character but a strong one. Papa Gael and his half-brother, Cleve, are Jesse and Joe Tom over again but repeated in maturity and wisdom. Only Chloe, Jesse's pretty wife whom Joe Tom loved also and violently, seems more a symbol than a woman. The real story is in the portraiture of the Gaels and not in the carefully designed climax around this girl who is pretty but somehow apart.

Altogether, however, this is one of the most interesting first novels that has come out of the South since Thomas Wolfe's "Look Homeward Angel." It is a very different type of book though Mr. Gibbons indicates his indebtedness of the spirit at least to Wolfe in a preliminary poetic passage of the "Oh, full was the heart" kind. It is certainly the best first novel which has come out of the class in writing which Hudson Strode has been teaching at Tuscaloosa for ten years or so. Undoubtedly, Mr. Gibbons has things still to learn about the art of the novelist. He also has an important talent as a beginning.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

LAST LINES OF FAMOUS POEMS

Miss Lila B. Gorman, of Immaculate Heart College, Hollywood, California, submits these closing lines of 20 famous poems and asks you to name the poem from which each was taken and its author. Allowing 2½ points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 38.

1. They also serve who only stand and wait.
2. I shall not fail that rendezvous.
3. And kept on drinking.
4. That he may sleep upon his hill again.
5. Gift of tears, my Viola.
6. "Dead," was all he answered.
7. In her tomb by the side of the sea.
8. Which Claus of Innsbruch cast in bronze for me.
9. and then moves on.
10. Learn to labor and to wait.
11. And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son.
12. Shall be lifted—nevermore!
13. Fallen cold and dead.
14. I am the captain of my soul.
15. Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.
16. Led forth the lady Geraldine.
17. Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!
18. And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.
19. Since he kissed them and put them there.
20. On the reef of Norman's Woe!

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Must America Embrace the World?

THE PASSING OF THE EUROPEAN AGE. By Eric Fischer. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1943. 215 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THE most significant part of this book for the average reader lies in its implications. For if the author's thesis is valid, Americans must set their sights on a farther horizon. They must put aside the adolescent irresponsibility concealed in the familiar saw of Oscar Wilde that "the youth of America is their oldest tradition," and prepare as members of an adult and responsible nation to take a front-rank place in a complex but integrated world.

The European Age is passing, says Dr. Fischer, a Viennese now teaching geography in the Army specialized training program at Bard College. Western civilization is being transferred to and renewed on other continents. "European civilization is shifting its center of gravity to countries outside Europe." The war is only one critical event in the course of this trend. This thesis is a far cry from the heavy gloom and Teutonic pessimism that found expression in the erudite but warped mind of Spengler, even though there is a similar overtone or feeling in the titles of this book and Spengler's. It would be unfair to stress someone's pat paraphrase that the new world will redress the balance of the old. That is not what Dr. Fischer means, but there is a suggestion of hope in the thought that from the "newer" continents there may well come a fresh flowering of European culture.

To Dr. Fischer the process of dislocation now going on is similar to the transformation of Greece in the Hellenistic world, when Rhodes, Pergamum, Alexandria, and Antioch superseded the old centers like Athens, Corinth, or Delphi. In the same way New York, Washington, Toronto, and Sydney have become the political and cultural equals of the older London, Paris, and Rome. The Peloponnesian War between the democratic Athens and the totalitarian Sparta for dominance over the Greek colonial sphere is the historical analogue of the World War.

The notion that new centers of European culture have risen in those areas to which European peoples have migrated in the past four centuries is not a novel one. There has been a tendency, however, always to think of them as peripheral in their relationship to the pattern of Western civilization. Modern history, we are taught, was the expansion of Europe and while there were reciprocal forces to be recognized, they were usually in terms of the exotic products of new lands sent back to the mother continent—tapioca, bananas, rubber, quinine. Seeley's classic "Expansion of England" is the study of an empire of oversea lands radiating from the home country. Even the independent countries of America have been looked upon chiefly as recipients of political, social, and economic forces emanating from the older continent.

That attitude has been changed in the last quarter century. In fact, the fear has often been expressed that American pragmatism and materialism would conquer the world and drive out the more spiritual values which the European at home is supposed to possess to a larger degree than his cousin abroad. The movies and technology, of course, are two fields in which America spreads her ideas and ideals, whether they be the coiffure of a Joan Crawford or the assembly line of a Henry Ford.

Dr. Fischer points out countless ways in which Latin America, the Dominions, the United States have reacted on Europe. Some of them are most startling; for example, his claim that British appeasement of Japan in Manchuria and later her temporary closing of the Burma Road were due to the pressure of New Zealand and Australia who feared war in the Pacific. Others are equally revealing of reciprocity: the influence of the New Zealand Social Security Act on the Beveridge Plan, Latin-American colonial architecture on modern buildings. Some even have a nice irony as when American missionaries go to Europe to establish congregations of Mormons, Christian Scientists, and other sects.

In a foreword Sidney B. Fay, the historian of World War I, compares Fischer's notion of the reciprocal influences of the old centers on the new to radar, that uncanny new device of electronics which picks up the impulse that bounces back to the place from which it was originally sent. Dr. Fischer from his listening-post makes recordings of the force of these returning influences and finds them now originating in their own right and no longer simple reflex actions. Strangely alike are the United States and Russia as they move in historical parallel; one to the west of the Appalachians, the other to the east of the Urals, establishing their centers of population

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Ernie Pyle

A War Fought by Humans

HERE IS YOUR WAR. By Ernie Pyle. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1943. 304 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HAL BORLAND

GET a soldier away from his company, particularly back home among friends, and he is singularly inarticulate. Most of them are, at any rate, except when some fellow like Bill White gets hold of them. The war? Well, it was rugged going, and we had a tough job in one engagement, and there were weeks and weeks with nothing to do, and the mail didn't come through, and it's swell to be home now. It's inevitable that we should get such first-hand reports, for one soldier sees only one small fraction of the war even on one front. It's equally inevitable that when a reporter like Ernie Pyle comes along we take him to our hearts, for here is an articulate fellow who, seeing the war bit by bit, succeeds in putting those bits together into an amazing whole.

It took weks of reading his daily dispatches to realize that he was assembling a magnificent mosaic right before our eyes. Now that we have the sum of his dispatches from the African front gathered into a book, we realize once more what a superb job he was doing day by day. For here is the whole Tunisian campaign, from embarkation to victory, set forth as nobody else has yet presented it. This is war ,the modern war we are fighting, in detail and in remarkable roundness.

There's no use trying to work out an elaborate analysis of Ernie Pyle's philosophy, or his style, or his viewpoint. Sum it up this way and let it rest: Ernie Pyle is a bang-up reporter

farther and farther away from Europe proper.

While drawing on an impressive fund of erudition to buttress his thesis, Fischer never permits scholarship to become pedantry. Nor does he labor his points to coincide with preconceived conclusions. His writing, though cool and academic, is devoid of the technical jargon of the social scientist and hence without that irritating double talk which social philosophers of lesser stature sometimes confuse with learning. As befits his task the author is wholly objective about the changes he describes. The reader, however, will be excused his thinking of them in terms of value judgment.

Europe may lose its dominance of our cultures; it can never lose a place in it. With the new lands sharing leadership, perhaps there is reason to hope for a fresh start towards some basis for decent international relations. That start will be a false one if we in America see only the power and prestige that go with dominance. There have been evidences of gloating over the benefits that the destruction of Europe promises us, and not only among the tycoons and magnates. The flight of scholars and writers to America unquestionably is stimulating American scholarship and letters. Nonetheless we should be humble and sad before the dispersal of European learning. The destruction of the University of Naples cannot be anything but a tragedy to every American school or scholar. An album of snapshots is little solace for another Louvain.

Officers representing China, India, Canada, and the United States have been elected by the Press Club of the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism. Shelley Muin Mark, a native of Kwangtung, China, has been named president of the group.

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who writes about human beings and has an uncanny knack of nailing down significant details. His writing reads as though it simply spilled from his typewriter—some of it probably does, but the rest of it undoubtedly is sweated and groaned out. The sum of it has the flavor we always expect—and occasionally get—in those letters from homefolks.

Open this book anywhere and you can begin reading, and keep right on reading. It's much better to begin at the front, of course, because then you have the cumulative effect and the general chronology. But there isn't a page in it without a line, a sentence, or a paragraph that catches your eye and your attention. For instance:

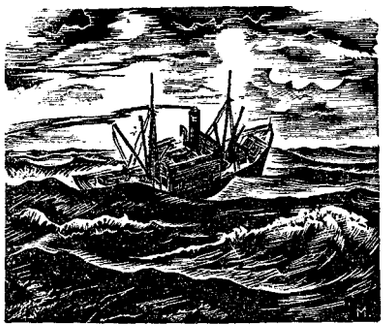
> There was always a little bunch of Arabs squatting around their plane, selling them oranges and other native things. A day before they were to change bases they "sold" their Fortress to an Arab for twenty thousand eggs. . . .
>
> War has its own peculiar sounds. They are not really very much different from sounds in the world of peace. But they clothe themselves in an unforgettable fierceness, just because born in danger and death.

These bits were literally chosen at random. I find now that the first third of my review copy has about every other page dogeared and marked, for possible quotation. After the first third, however, I gave up. It's all quotable.

It seems to me that one could scarcely pick one chapter that either rises far above the others or sags below them. The opening section, "Convoy to Africa," is the best description of an invasion fleet, and of the men who make up its cargo, that I have ever read. When I try to find out why, I find it's because of the human detail, the sensitiveness of this man Pyle to the things that happen to a man's heart.

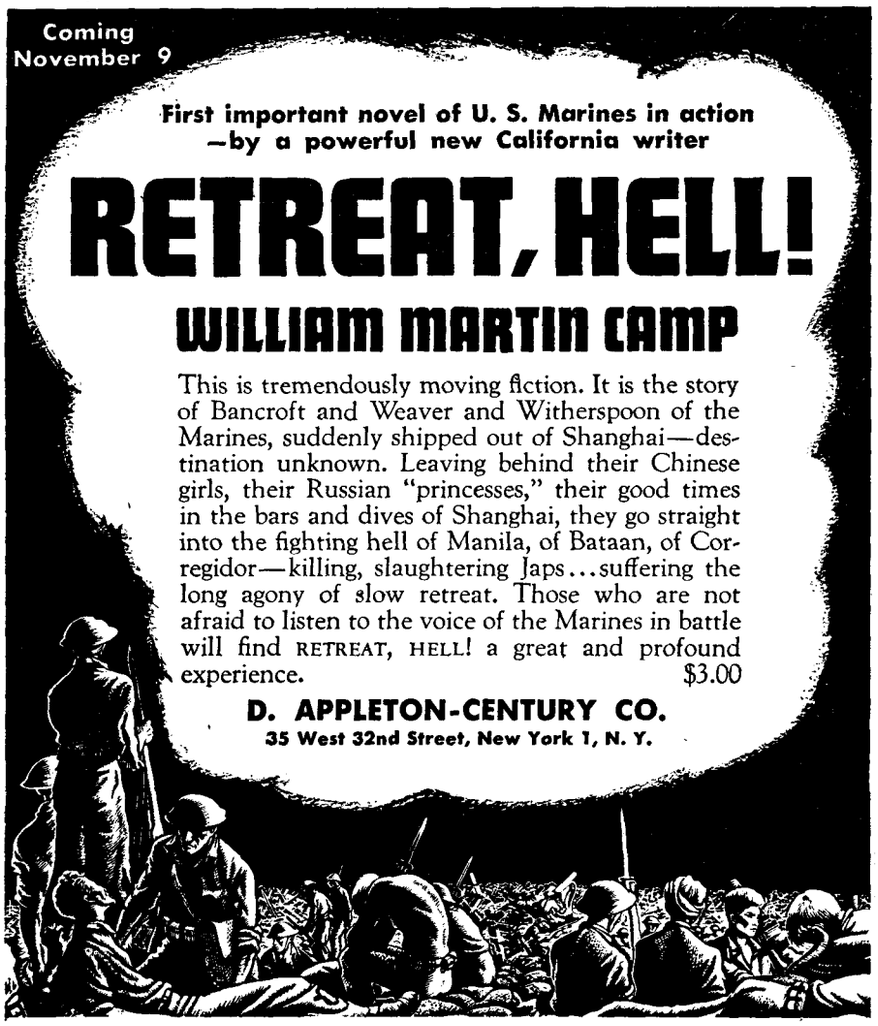
The next chapter, "The Americans Have Landed," goes right on at the same tempo and tension, Pyle telling his story by following one soldier after another through his first few days on African soil. There's the Army photographer who was so busy he didn't realize that the fellow leaning against his shoulder was a dead man. There's the Pyle observation that Oran, discounting its harbor, "could be compared in many ways with El Paso." There are the soldiers who "loaded up on perfume and lipstick, which were plentiful. They sent perfume to their girls in America and lipsticks to their girls in England."

And so on through the book. Another highlight for me was the chapter "In the Air," about the air force. Not the air force, really; the men who fly the planes, and what happened to them, and what they thought and did and said. Here you will find Pyle's magnificently honest explanation of why he never went on a bombing mission, which ends with, "I rationalized myself into believing that for one in my position the sole purpose in going on such a mission would have been to perpetuate my vanity. And I decided to hell with vanity."



But it's hopeless to try to single out even chapter by chapter. "The Final Push" and "Victory" are right up there at the top of my list, too. And "Victory" closes the book.

To sum it up, Ernie Pyle shows that war is a dirty, unpleasant business and that the men who are fighting it for us are the kids from the filling station and the grocery and the house next door—and that upstairs room here at home. Men who were boys just a few months ago, and who don't like war but who are going to win it and get it over with. Good soldiers, tough fighters, human beings. Ernie Pyle names hundreds of them in this book, and he speaks for thousands more. He warms the heart and makes the middle-aged eyes gleam with pride that those are our boys he is writing about. I have a hunch that those boys will want to read this book when they get back, and so will their children. Maybe their grandchildren.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Two Extremes of Battle

THE TOUGHEST FIGHTING IN THE WORLD. By George H. Johnston. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1943. 240 *pp.* $2.50.

THE CONQUEST OF NORTH AFRICA, 1940-1943. By Alexander G. Clifford. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1943. 450 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PERCIVAL R. KNAUTH

GEORGE H. JOHNSTON, who has supplied material for *Time* and *Life* magazines as well as Australian and British newspapers, has pictured the fighting in New Guinea in a manner which leaves no doubt about his title, "The Toughest Fighting in the World." If there be worse hells than these steaming, jagged islands of the Pacific this reviewer has yet to learn of them.

George Johnston, at thirty years of age, covered every step of the New Guinea campaign from Darwin to Buna. At this writing he is en route back to Australia, the base for correspondents covering MacArthur's forces. He wrote this book almost entirely on the spot. It is a book of episodes which are fitted together into a pattern that tells his story in compelling fashion. Mr. Johnston is a brilliant descriptive writer and the full flavor of this extraordinary battle is in his book. But most of all he knows how to impart the spirit of the men.

These men, it must be remembered, fought in the days when weapons were still scarce in the entire Australian theatre of war. The Battle of New Guinea began on January 23, 1942, in the darkest days of this war. In those days the Allies were retreating everywhere, and they retreated in New Guinea, too. But from the dregs of that retreat, through almost incredible fortitude on the part of each individual soldier, they salvaged victory.

They did it by such individual feats of heroism as the twenty-one Australian infantrymen who cleaned out a Japanese machine gun nest near Gona. They had to cover seventy to eighty yards of open, flat terrain before they could get at the entrenched enemy. There was no other way. Nine of the twenty-one got through. "Give us a good write-up," one of them said to Johnston before he moved away.

They did it with such tactics as Dick Cohen's 7,000-foot dive-bombing attack in a big Catalina, an aircraft designed and built for level flight on long patrols. (The same planes stopped the Japs in the Aleutians before the Army bombers came.) They did it by improvisation, such as the B-25 crew who, shot down, found the remains of a 1914 and a 1919 biplane at an abandoned trading post, patched one plane with the other's parts, filled it with automobile gasoline that had been lying there for no one knows how long, and took to the air.

They are still fighting in New Guinea, but in North Africa the war is over. How it was fought and won is told by Alexander G. Clifford in a book that is as close to history as it can be with graves still fresh along the coastline of Tunisia. Clifford, a young reporter whom this reviewer knew in Berlin as a sober, steady man, watched "two years and eleven months of fighting along the North Coast of Africa—from the day Italy declared war to the day organized Axis resistance in the continent ceased."

His book is a very thorough, careful job. It is not as inspired a job as some which have been written on these campaigns, but it has the advantage of being complete—probably the first complete story of the North African war we have yet had. It details the back and forth of battles across the face of Libya carefully and fully, with self-drawn maps to help the reader.

The best part of this book, perhaps because it is the newest, is the story of the last campaign which brought Montgomery's fabulous Eighth Army to Tunisia. Here there is a lilt and lift to the writing which wonderfully impart the feeling of the troops as they swept eagerly and irresistibly to their final victory, the victory which so often seemed so close, only to fade away in heart-breaking retreat. To have been with Montgomery in those last days is an experience which all those who shared it treasure, and Clifford is generous and skilful in sharing it with all his readers.

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The Phoenix Nest

THE most exciting thing that has happened to me for some time has been the reading of an advance copy of a book that came all the way from Norman, Oklahoma. The book is called "Ziba" by James Pipes, and is published by the Oklahoma University Press. I was not requested to say anything about it, and the book was not originally sent to me. I read it by chance, and it has hit me like a block-buster.

James Pipes has kept a country store in Forty-Acre which is down in the swamplands of Louisiana. He has listened to the Negroes who came to his store to trade and lounge and gamble. He took notes. He assimilated the picturesque and poetic language and flaming imagination of Negroes from sawmills, cotton plantations, levee camps, and cane farms. He then wrote a book of long poems out of the tales they told and the orations they made, a book "panoramic in scope and symphonic in structure," merely crammed with natural poetry and humor, and most exciting to read aloud. He has caught the magical word-sense and the rich music of the Negro improvisations. This is a Book; a real contribution to our literature. I never felt so sure of anything!

I recently took part in the first of a series of six Tuesday evenings given at the New York Public Library. The second of the evenings—which are evenings of poetry reading and interpretation, was on October 26th, when Horace Gregory and William Carlos Williams read and talked. Evenings to come are as follows: November 2nd: Reuel Denny and Kenneth Patchen. November 9th: James Agee and W. H. Auden. November 16th: Muriel Rukeyser and Langston Hughes. November 23rd: Mary Zaturenska and Padraic Colum. The series is called "The Poets Speak."

This next month a narrative in verse called "Shadowed Victory," by Arthur Stringer, the Canadian-American poet, will be published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis, Indiana. I am glad, therefore, at this time, to print a rhyme Mr. Stringer has sent me. He doesn't seem to feel that the life of a versifier is the life, necessarily, of Riley!

THE THINGS WE DASH OFF

You walk the floor and cogitate
And light your pipe and fumigate
And alter and eliminate
And add and then eviscerate,
While some last line confronting you
Demands a neater turn or two,
And knowing you are far from through,
You twist and carve and chop and hew,
And conscious you must still condense
And trim mere sound to walk with sense,
You change the changes, fill the vents,
And file and smoothe the consequence,—
And folks who study that creation
Still think it's born of inspiration!

Elias Lieberman favors me with the following "Ballade of a Radio Quiz Champion." This is one of the best things I have recently seen on a most vital issue.

Knowledge as such I have always hated;
College revealed no inquiring mind,
But luck and the times have somehow fated
A break for a guy who had lagged behind.
Mine is an instinct sure though blind;
I charge at a quiz like a tipsy lancer,
Prodding this point in all I find:
What will it pay me to tell the answer?

"How are the big league batters rated?"
"Which is the orange of thinnest rind?"
"What part of Shelley was not cremated?"
"When was the Magna Carta signed?"
"How is a gourmet correctly wined?"
"What are the outfits known as Panzer?"
"Where is a Senator shaved and shined?"
What will it pay me to tell the answer?

Questions are gilded or thinly plated;
Queries are clear or the other kind;
Some leave me hopelessly addle-pated,
Sad as a saint or drink-inclined.
Let me ascend to the heights designed
For me as a mental tight-rope dancer:
Dollar on dollar, pockets lined,
What will it pay me to tell the answer?

L'ENVOI

Jogging along on my daily grind,
I brush up on anything, cans or cancer;
Hectic, eclectic, crude, refined,
What will it pay me to tell the answer?

I'm glad that the Dryden Press of New York (103 Park Avenue) is bringing out "Poems 1923-1943," by James Daly. James T. Farrell, Kenneth Burke, Haniel Long, George Dillon, and others have acclaimed Daly's poetry. It has hitherto been available only in limited editions.

The other day came my way a second-hand copy of a very special sort of children's book. It was written by Alfred Ollivant, who produced the extremely popular "Bob, Son of Battle." But this other book is hard to come by now. It never was popular. However, one family, that I know of, loved it. It is called "Redcoat Captain: A Story of That Country." It was published by the Macmillan Company way back in September, 1907, and illuminated by Graham Robertson. I keep it on the same mental shelf with "Sylvie and Bruno" and "The Water Babies." To some it may seem too bairnly and silly. Not to me. Here's the first verse of the introductory rhyme, opposite the picture of the little bugler in his red coat:

There's a Country, little brothers,
For the children who are good:
Children gloomy, wrinkled, rheumy,
All may enter it who would.
Open wide,
Happy Bugler,
Open wide.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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The Crostics Club

IT is fitting and timely, I think, that I should devote today's column to telling you about the friendly "party" the *SRL* gave Friday, October 22, to honor the birth of the 500th DC and the advent of Series 15 under their aegis.

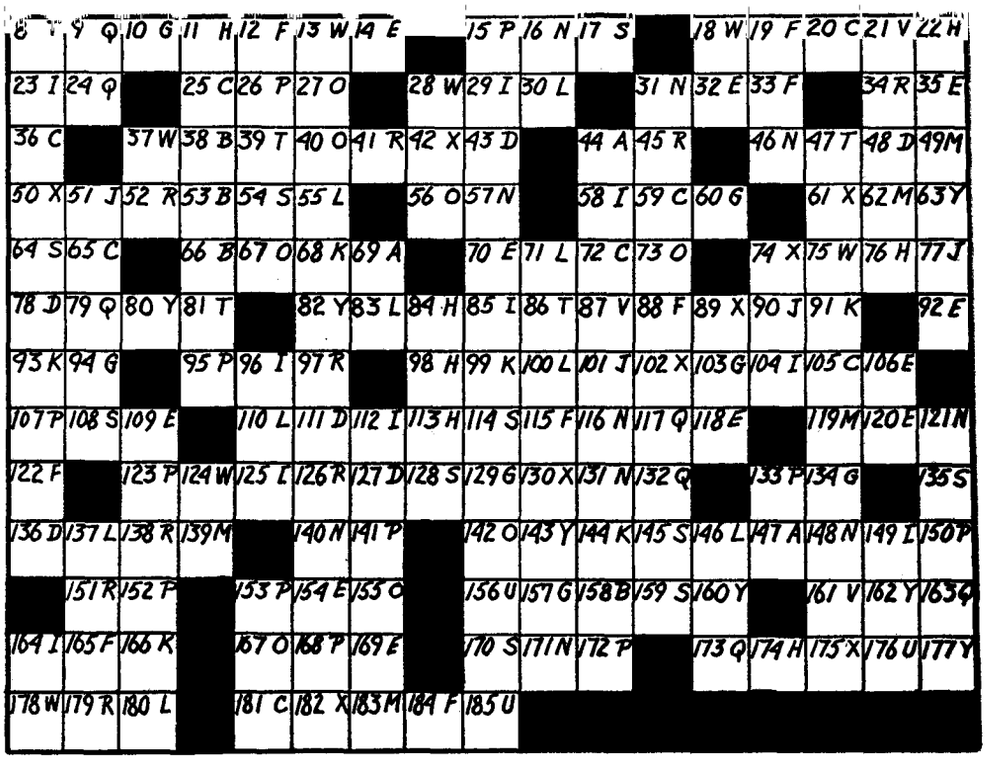
From the impersonality one experiences today in dealing with most corporations, the *SRL Associates* are markedly different. *All* of the staff were the genial host and hostesses at the 5 to 7 gathering held across the street in the Coffee House Club. Its two long rooms made an ideal meeting place for such a gathering, the heavy oaken tables piled with *Punch,* the *New Yorker,* and the *National Geographic;* its walls lined with prints old and new; its cheerful open grate and comfortable settees to temper the chill of the rainy day it was; and waitresses moving alertly among the guests with snacks and cocktails. Even the fragrant boutonniere so chivalrously presented to me by Harrison Smith was accompanied by "With the best wishes of all of us in the *SRL*"—that "all of us" contains the personal note lacking in "from the *SRL.*"

As I had been forewarned only of the time and place and the distinguished quality of the guests, I was really terrified at the prospect of meeting such a concentrated group. It did confirm my oft-asserted belief that my puzzlers are the clever ones. They were there, individual authors and artists as well as representatives of New York's publishing world, but they were as chatty and unassuming as are the *SRL Associates,* and they had the same reactions about DCs as have most of you. A few accepted my invitation to call and be initiated into the art of DC making. I hope they come early and stay until the finish! I wish it were possible to stage a big party like a benefit bridge with four at a table confronted by the same quotation in anagram letters. Although such a DC wouldn't present the complications I face in this tenth year with whole days for the doing, it might cure some armchair strategists, and I should certainly be in my element watching you!

Two comments, among many, particularly pleased me: When Dr. William Beebe greeted me with a dire reproof about disturbing his peace, an understanding friend added, "But he is always waiting for the next number." And Dr. Beebe himself took away my breath by revealing John Kieran as a companion in misery who doesn't always guess right. Comforting for us ordinary mortals, isn't it? And Adela Rogers St. John told me how DCs helped to absorb her thoughts in a recent tragic personal experience. I am glad that they can be more than a pastime.

And so, gratitude to "all of us in the *SRL*" for thus cementing our bond more firmly!

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 501

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 33 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Modified and simplified form of Esperanto (1907). — 147 69 44

B. National Leader of India. — 53 158 66 4 38

C. Plant used by Michael to purge Adam's eyes (Milton). — 36 105 181 59 65 72 20 25

D. Replete with gusto, relish, piquancy. — 78 111 7 43 127 136 48

E. To remain before the public (3 wds.) — 35 5 118 109 70 92 14 32 120 154 106 169

F. Mirthless. — 115 19 33 122 165 88 12 184 2

G. Those who peel pulpwood logs (logging). — 103 157 134 94 60 129 10

H. French painter of shepherdesses, etc. (1684-1721). — 98 22 84 11 76 174 113

I. Agitated; nervously confused (3 wds.) — 164 23 112 104 125 149 58 96 29 85

J. Is for the moment inattentive. — 77 51 101 90

K. Every one; none being excepted (3 wds.) — 166 99 144 91 93 68

L. Descendants of first settlers of French origin in Canada. — 71 55 110 137 30 83 100 146 180

M. Novel by George Meredith (with *The*). — 139 3 183 49 119 62

N. Mixture of finely cut vegetables in soup or salad dressing. — 46 16 131 116 148 31 57 140 121 171

O. A skylight (Fr.) — 167 142 67 73 40 56 27 155

P. Having straight hair (Indians, etc.) — 150 133 152 141 26 15 172 95 123 153 107 168

Q. The ancestor of mankind; father of Prometheus. — 79 132 173 9 24 117 163

R. Unalloyed quality; purest lustre (2 wds.) — 45 126 179 97 34 6 151 138 41 52

S. Clandestinely; secretly (slang; 3 wds.) — 128 108 159 170 64 135 145 54 17 114

T. Virulent. — 8 47 39 86 81

U. Short for Russia's program in May 1921. — 176 185 156

V. Japanese statesman (1841-1909). — 161 21 87

W. The Greeks against Troy (Homer). — 124 75 28 18 13 178 37

X. High and narrow chest of drawers. — 42 1 175 74 50 61 130 89 102 182

Y. Last Anglo-Norman King of England (1135-54). — 160 177 80 82 63 143 162

WORDS

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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